THE EXAMINER.

No. 811. SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1823.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—POPE.

LEGITIMATE SYMPATHIES.

"Sir T. Tyrwhitt will proceed shortly to Lisbon, for the purpose of solemnly installing his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal a Knight of the Order of the Garter. His Majesty was admitted a Member of that distinguished Order at the same time as the other Sovereigns of Europe, after the general peace; but his residence at Brazil prevented the ceremony of the installation, and since his return to his European dominions, the *distracted state* of Portugal did not permit of its being performed."—*Courier, August* 5.

THIS is one of those eloquent little pieces of official management, which perhaps betray the true political feelings of the Oligarchy more decidedly than matters of serious consequence, because the latter are accompanied with greater caution.

In the first place, here is a direct and wilful falsehood, "gross, open, palpable." The distance of Brazil might be a good reason for not sending out the Order; but Portugal was NOT in a "*distracted state*" after the King's return. So far from it, it was singularly tranquil; and until AMARANTE'S recent rebellion, no country in Europe enjoyed more perfect peace, whether at home or abroad, during the period that succeeded to the Revolution. A mighty change had been effected, by which freedom and a public guarantee was substituted for unmitigated despotism, without bloodshed or retribution. None of the thousand horrors which the slavish prognosticate of all such changes, had occurred. The selfish monopolizers of arbitrary power were removed with a firm but temperate hand,—and the supreme authority vested in the people's freely chosen delegates. The King returned from his distant dominions, apprised of all that had been done; he was informed before he landed of the condition on which he would be received as sovereign; it was for him to decide whether he would reign under the Constitution, or attempt to recover his former unlimited sway. He chose the first, and entered his capital as the Constitutional King of Portugal. To enumerate the oaths he has taken to maintain the new order of things, would be to write the history of nearly all the public acts of the Cortes. It is sufficiently notorious, that he seized every opportunity with apparent eagerness to reiterate the most solemn protestations of his admiration and affection for the Constitution; and that if his Most Faithful Majesty has been playing false throughout, he leaves brother FERNINAND (who never *volunteered* such declarations) far behind in the competition for the palm of cant and hypocrisy. All we mean by this brief recapitulation is to shew, that there could be no better opportunity for bestowing the British Order, than when the Portuguese Monarch had done a prudent, gracious, and popular act, and was enthroned in the affections of his subjects, in the midst of a tranquil kingdom. "Oh, but," cries some Servile, "he was *compelled* to appear thus, or to forfeit his crown." That is to say, according to such apologists, he was a liar and a hypocrite of the most finished description, who would rather forfeit honour, dignity, truth, and submit to the daily repetition of falsehoods and perjuries, than risk the loss of a part (for Brazil would still have been his) of his dominions. What a compliment to King JOHN is this apology!

So much for the hollow pretence of the "distracted state" of Portugal. We know another country—a province, if it pleases the Boroughmongers better—to which the epithet strictly belongs; yet those who used it in relation to a peaceable and well-ordered kingdom, would choke with rage, and yell out "seditious!" with great vigour, if it were thrown in their teeth as applicable to *that* portion of our empire. Imagine, for example, that in a happier state of European freedom, and among certain Constitutional Monarchs of the Continent, such an Order as the "Order of Mild Rule" was instituted,—(as there are Orders of Merit, &c.) and that upon a suggestion to install our most Gracious Sovereign a member, a reason for evasion or delay was hinted by an allusion to the "distracted" state of misgoverned *Ireland*. What a howl would be set up by the court-sycophants at the bare insinuation—the wicked libel! Or if the term "distracted" had been applied to England, at the time of the Manchester affair or the Queen's Trial, in disparagement of the rulers' conduct? Yet who can deny, that Portugal, from the moment of the King's landing to the insurrection of AMARANTE, was infinitely more peaceful and contented than Great Britain since 1816?

The plain truth of the matter is, that our Oligarchy intended, by the withholding of the Order, to convey a censure on the Portuguese Monarch, for yielding to the demands of the people; and in thus promptly sending it, directly he had repented of and repaired his fault, by the re-establishment of despotism and priestcraft, they design to express their delighted approval of his having broken his promises, violated his oaths, and delivered up a nation to the tyranny of monks and courtiers. The end sanctifies the means, we suppose, in such cases; and *all* weapons are fair against Reformers. How strong and quick the sympathy between the upholders of the Boroughs in England, and the official plunderers and oppressors under "*El Re neto*" in Portugal! The "breathless haste" to confer a mark of favour on a perjured Despot, rivals that with which the Manchester Pastors were thanked for the slaughter of their flocks.

To be sure, the spectacle presented by the choice of such a moment to bestow this court-compliment, suggests some curious reflections regarding the change in policy and feeling which could allow the Ministers of a BRUNSWICK Prince—who is (or ought to be) by virtue of his descent, the "child and champion" of Constitutional Revolution—to betray so much exultation at the destruction of a neighbouring nation's liberties. Is it come to this? "A fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind." The identity of interests between royal despotism and corporations of irresponsible aristocrats, is best shewn by this union of sentiment. Can it be doubted, to which party in the Spanish war our Cabinet, as a Cabinet, wish success?

We could make a shrewd guess, that Mr. CANNING did not suggest the sending the Order of the Garter to the MOST FAITHFUL KING at this significant moment. The Right Hon. Secretary is too politic for that, if not too scrupulous.

But he takes office along with those who make him acquiesce in such proceedings, and becomes the friend and colleague of men who deny the Catholics the toleration which (until he took office) he called indispensable and urgent. What good then can his scruples do the country, if he has not the manliness to make a stand against the degrading impolicy of the Ultra part of the Ministry?

FONTHILL ABBEY.

The road between Salisbury and Fonthill Abbey is at present superb. Dark woods waving over Pembroke's princely domain crown the heights to the left; a clear chrystal stream winds its pebbly or its sedgy course almost the whole way; and groves, hills, and valleys, glitter in the sun and showers. A neat little inn by the roadside, called the French Horn, with its painted bow-window and flaunting geraniums, reminds the passenger strongly of the old-fashioned prints in "Walton's Angler." The weather has been hitherto of the most impracticable kind: yet no less than three thousand persons, it seems, have already visited the Abbey—the refluence of that tide of fashion and curiosity that poured in upon it from all parts of the country last year. The visitor is struck, almost immediately on entering the avenue that leads, through a large massive gate-way, to this far-famed mansion, with the richness and taste spread out before him—an Eden rescued from a desart. A pool skirts the lawn, in which innumerable wild-fowl bathe and sport; and a hundred stately swans repair to its banks to compose their ruffled plumes, like a navy to refit. Nothing can be finer than the natural variety in the surface of the ground, which, with the assistance of presiding art, presents continually new and striking points of view. A stump of an old yew-tree—a huge gnarled oak, that has perhaps outlived a thousand winters in its present situation, while this was yet a wild heath—a ruinous sheep-cote or hermitage—a grove of tall elms on a rising eminence to the right, with loop-holes to the sky—an opening to the lake below, through which its blue waters come gleaming up over the smooth sloping turf,—catch attention by turns. The more immediate approach to the Abbey is through a sheltered walk of thickly-planted trees and wild shrubs of picturesque and various growth, till on a sudden, this stately building unfolds itself to the admiring gaze, at once elegant and solemn; as with its arched, grated windows, "shedding a dim religious light," it overlooks the expanse below, or rises on the imagination as perhaps a future sanctuary of art, another VATICAN!

The Carvings in Ivory at Fonthill are among the most splendid ornaments of that splendid place, and may rank as some of the most curious in the world. Those by Benvenuto Cellini, by Strous, by Magnus Berg, and Fiamingo, are the finest. The first we shall mention is by Cellini, and is made use of as the stand of a cup, framed of a Nautilus shell. It represents a group of Cupids playing with an eagle and a goat. Nothing can be conceived more true to nature than their childish forms; the ivory is moulded into all the softness of flesh—(Titian's pencil could not give more yielding flexibility)—and the expression is full of innocent, serious grace. The size of the work appears to have been no impediment to the freedom of the sculptor's chisel. There is a total and delightful absence of littleness of manner, of timidity, and restraint; so that the figures look of the size of life. This rare performance answers fully to the reputation of the artist, of whose works we have heard so much and seen so little. Who has not read the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, and who would not give something for a glimpse at one of those matchless productions, about which he himself makes such a *vaut!* We find no traces of his bold and licentious life in the classic purity of his style; and his fiery spirit seems to have been tamed into a sort of playful ease and tenderness by the difficult materials in which he worked.—There is a very fine *Marine Venus with Tritons* by Strous, carved on an ivory vase. The figures are not perfectly proportioned, but they have a grace and spirit, and the faces a voluptuous, passionate expression, which redeems every mechanical defect, and is wonderful in so small compass.—The celebrated *Hunting Piece* by Magnus Berg has not this capital excellence; but it is a most curious and elaborate piece of workmanship. The pains taken, the finishing, the spirit, the resemblance to life in the figures, the animals, the landscape, are admirable, but they at the same time excite a feeling of regret that where so much was done and attempted, there should be a want of any thing to crown the success of the artist, and that he should be so near touching the highest point of art, and yet come short of it. The figures reposing in the forest of ivory are asleep, but they are not nymphs or goddesses asleep; the figure of Diana on the top of the lid is executed with great dexterity and knowledge, but it is not the figure of the Goddess of the Chace, of the Moon, or of Hell: the Hercules that supports the cup (the Atlas of this little world) is old. Magnus Berg had not the *ideal* faculty. He was a German, and Medallist to the Emperor! Infinite were the pains he took with this the *chef-d'œuvre* of his hand! Infinite were his hopes and fears in the progress of the work! Much was there that he succeeded in, much that he failed in, to his own thinking! How different the interest the artisan feels in a task of this kind in his workshop, and that which it afterwards excites in the mind of the spectator or possessor! It occupied his mind for years, and every thing depended on its success. Let it succeed, which is a million to one, and it forms an article in a catalogue of curiosities, is placed in a gallery, is one among a thousand other trifles, is looked at for a moment, and forgot! There are several small ivory sculptures of the hand of Fiamingo, in the Fonthill Gallery. The little allegory of Youth and Age is the best. The figures of the old man and of the children are finely understood, and executed with much taste and feeling; and considering the diminutive dimensions, are almost a miracle of accuracy. These (together with the large Topaz Cup, carved by Cellini, and presented to Catharine Cornaro—the materials stamp its solid worth, the historic names shed a glory round it) form a collection of themselves.

[Some notice of the Library next week.]

FLUMMERY.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

If Mr. Southey does not work well for his butt of Sack, and palms off upon our Most Gracious Majesty for the fair amount of praise which he is bound to pay him, Visions in which he beatifies his predecessors (a mode of satyrising a living Monarch by the bye, which if Attorney-General Gibbs had been alive, might have served to illustrate the law of libel, for contrasting invidiously a dead Monarch with a living one, is as reprehensible as contrasting the living one with his successor); it must be owned that there is no want of amateur-eulogists to make amends for his deficiency. From the day "the most accomplished gentleman of Europe" (as Mr. O'Connel termed him) set foot on the Emerald Isle, and introduced union and concord (for the first time) among the Milesians, the song of praise has ascended without intermission to his nostrils. Ireland, however, became soon mute. But in the North dwells a more persevering race, who seem never weary of well doing. So far from feeling any lassitude after the efforts made during his Majesty's reluctant visit, the note seems to grow louder and louder every day since the departure. No occasion is lost. The competition of the Highland Pipers, at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 29th ult. presented an opportunity which so industrious a man as Sir John Sinclair was sure to profit by; and accordingly in presence of these great masters of melody, did the Northern Seer pour forth a strain of panegyric as much superior to anything that fell from O'Connel, as the northern blast is in sublimity above the western breeze. It should be incorporated with the originals of Ossian for the benefit of the Gael of all succeeding ages:—

"It is a *singular circumstance*, to which *I am happy in this opportunity* of publicly adverting, that where a number of Sovereigns are known by the same appellation, as George, or James, or Henry—the *Fourth* of the name has, *in general*, been distinguished by superior qualities. For instance, Henry the Fourth of France was one of the ablest, and certainly the most popular Prince that ever sat upon that throne. Henry the Fourth of England was remarkable for possessing in the words of Hume, 'many qualities which *fitted him for his high station*.' James the Fourth of Scotland is described, by our Scottish historians, as having been 'the most accomplished Prince of the age in which he lived, as naturally generous and brave, as loving magnificence, and as eager to obtain fame;' and," added Sir John, emphatically, "is not this an exact description of his descendant George the Fourth of England, Scotland, and Ireland? *(cheers.)* Is not he the most accomplished Prince of the age in which he lives, naturally brave and generous, loving magnificence (as becomes the Monarch of a great empire) and eager to obtain fame; and has he not already acquired that fame to which he so anxiously aspired? *(cheers.)* &c. &c. &c.

Might we presume to throw out a suggestion to the distinguished Baronet, we think he might improve his panegyric, by a few additions to these illustrious *Fourths*. For example:—

Henry the *Fourth* of Castile was led by the nose by a favourite who did him the honour to sleep with his Queen—

Philip the *Fourth* of Spain surpassed all his predecessors in the felicity with which he contrived to involve his extensive dominions in trouble, and making a large empire smaller—

Charles the *Fourth* of Spain was the best-natured and accommodating King of Europe, as his Queen and some hundred grenadiers well know—

Louis the *Fourth* was the most *ungrateful* Prince of his age, and was in constant wars with his vassals, arising out of his own injustice—

Gustavus the *Fourth* of Sweden has been some time travelling for his improvement. Twenty years ago Mr. Wordsworth celebrated him as the most accomplished Prince of Europe; what must he be now!—

Murad the *Fourth* of Turkey surpassed all his predecessors in love for drinking wine, which he permitted to all his subjects, but prohibited tobacco, coffee, and opium. These were mighty innovations, and have given him great celebrity in the Turkish annals.

Ferdinand the *Fourth*, of the two Sicilies, yet alive to bless his subjects, has the honour to be the most *stupid* Prince of Europe, which, amid so many competitors, is no small distinction.

(From the Globe and Traveller.)

This thought of Sir John Sinclair's is equal in ingenuity to his proposal for a new standard for the coin. A more excellent method of discovering the virtues of a Sovereign has not been hit upon since Pantagruel consulted the *oracle of the bottle*. It would have been equally applicable to our late Sovereign. For instance there was Henry III. remarkable for a long reign, and for possessing, in the words of Hume, &c. &c. among other things, a very eminent son, remarkable for attempting to conquer Scotland with the sword—a conquest which the son of George III. has effected by the graces of his &c. &c. Then again there was Edward III. wise, victorious, who had a son, the Black Prince, who conquered the French at Poictiers, as the son of George III. conquered the French at Waterloo, as the Waterloo Medal proves. There was also King Hong, the third of that name, who, two years before the Deluge, introduced the silkworm into China, as his late Majesty introduced the Merino sheep into England two years before the deluge of paper money in 1810.—Sir Vickery Gibbs, of vinegar memory, prosecuted the *Morning Chronicle* and *Examiner* for saying, in the lifetime of his late most Excellent Majesty, that his son, his most Excellent Majesty that now is, would have an opportunity of making himself nobly popular. Mr. Perry might have strengthened his ingenious defence, if he had been informed by Sir John Sinclair that a Monarch, the fourth of his name, is always popular. A Bill should be introduced into Parliament to provide that the next King should be called Richard, so that being of that name the fourth, we might be secure of the continuance for one reign, at least, of the blessings of the lucky numeral.

MIRACLES BY WHOLESALE.

As it was natural to expect, the business of Prince Hohenlohe increases, and in consequence, the following arrangement has been adopted, the detail of which, with its happy results, we supply from the communication of a correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Post*:—

"'Another very extraordinary occurrence,' connected with Prince Hohenlohe's powers of operating miracles, took place so late as yesterday morning (August 1), at the Convent of Ranelagh, immediately adjoining Dublin.

"The circumstances, as far as I have learned, are briefly these:—A very accomplished Religious, of a nunnery at Cork, wrote some time since to supplicate the Prince's prayers on behalf of a sister afflicted with a grievous complaint. She received an answer from his Highness, stating that he found it almost impossible to reply to every application made to him on those subjects, as he had for a length of time received not less than fifty letters per day, and that, to obviate the inconvenience of replying individually to all, he had adopted a system of offering his prayers for the relief of the afflicted in particular districts on particular days. In furtherance of this arrangement, the Prince requested that his correspondent would apprise all the Irish religious communities, that he would, on the 1st of August, at seven o'clock in the morning, offer up the sacrifice of the mass, for the restoration of all those inmates of the establishments who laboured under bodily ailment; and he requested that masses should simultaneously be offered up in the respective convents for the same purpose. This, I have reason to believe, has been done generally throughout the kingdom.

"A Lady of respectability, who has been for many years one of the religious community of Ranelagh, and whose name is Stewart, was attacked a considerable time since by what was considered an incurable disease. For the last twelve months she had, as I am informed, been altogether deprived of the use of her limbs, and within the last two months her speech had also failed her. Under these circumstances, her physicians (amongst whom are mentioned names of the first rank in the profession), not only abandoned all hope of ultimate recovery, but stated how dissolution to be just at hand, when, at the hour indicated by the Prince yesterday morning, and whilst her brother, who is a clergyman, was celebrating mass for her recovery, in her chamber—while public prayers were at the same time offering up for the same purpose in the convent chapel, she arose from her couch, from which she was never more expected to rise, and exclaiming—'Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, I am well!'—prepared herself to descend to the public chapel, and manifest the mercies of God to the congregation present, by appearing before them as she did completely restored. Philosophy herself must admit that these things are passing strange."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* of Paris gives the following as a letter from the army before Barcelona:—

Bivouac, near Barcelona, July 21.

"Since the 9th the division of Curial has formed the blockade of Barcelona; that is to say, we are scattered round the city. Imagine to yourself 8,000 men, at the most, maintaining a line of more than three leagues, whilst the militia do not suffer us to sleep. Almost every night the enemy attack us, or at least harass us in such a manner as to keep us constantly under arms. We in short begin to habituate ourselves to have no sleep, and we are very much fatigued. Last night the 12th light infantry had a surprise, and lost a dozen soldiers. What makes it the more grievous for us is, that we see no end to our troubles, for the enemy can enter the city both by land and sea."

SPAIN.

A Proclamation of Don Carlos d'Espagne, the Commander of the Spanish troops in Navarre, dated Pampeluna, July 3rd, orders all books, publications, and papers, against the Catholic religion and Monarchical principles, including the Constitution, and all periodical works printed since the establishment of it, to be delivered up and burned. The same Proclamation contains most heavy penalties against all persons, who, in the course of the last three years, have favoured the Constitutional Government.

A letter in the *Journal de Paris*, gives particulars of the atrocities of the Royalists in Saragossa. The persons arrested and thrown into prison on the 21st and 22nd ult. amounted to 1,600, among whom were many proprietors, rich merchants, and several *Frenchmen*, who had been long settled in the town. The accusations were continued on the 23d, and several women, who were carrying food to their husbands in the prisons, were massacred!

"GENERAL ORDER.

"His Royal Highness the General in Chief, being to commence his march with the head-quarters for Andalusia, on the 28th current, has determined that the superior command of the several provinces shall be distributed in the following manner, in as far as respects military operations." [Here follows the distribution. The Duke of Reggio Commander-in-Chief of the First Corps, is invested with the superior command of Madrid and the Central Provinces. The Prince of Hohenlohe, the Marquis of Lauriston, Count Molitor, Viscount Latour, and General Bordesoult, are to command in the Districts where their respective forces are engaged, including altogether the whole Spanish kingdom.] "The present general order shall be communicated to the Serene Regency of the kingdom of Spain, in order that their Highnesses may issue the necessary orders, directing the Captains-General, commanders of the provinces, and of the troops of his Catholic Majesty, to put themselves, agreeably to the above regulations, in the proper relation with the Marshals and Generals having superior command.

"By order of his Royal Highness,
Count de GUILLEMINOT, Major-General."

"*Head-quarters, Madrid, July 24.*"

The steam-packet *Royal George*, Sir J. M. Doyle, commander, has brought advices from Corunna of July 31st, and from Vigo of the 2d August. Corunna held out firmly at that date, nor was there any immediate prospect of its surrender. The French had done nothing of any moment against the town since the 15th July, when they made the desperate attack, and lost, according to various letters, near 1,000 men. The firing went on every day, however, the besiegers being within gun-shot. They were mounting some pieces of heavy artillery, which they had at length brought up against the walls. It had been resolved to defend the new town, and when that was no longer tenable, to retire to the old one, the fortifications of the latter being still stronger than those of the former, and beyond the reach of the enemy's heavy guns. If they should be dislodged from thence, there would be the castle to retreat to, at the entrance of the harbour. The garrison and inhabitants display the utmost enthusiasm. Many ladies, who might have left the place in the steam-packet, preferred staying, and heroically seconded the determination which the Governor is said to have expressed, that he would make Corunna a second Saragossa. The sea was open, and there was no danger of scarcity of food, though fresh meat might fail. On the 23d, Gen. Bourck wrote a letter to Quiroga, entreating him not to resist longer: the latter replied with firmness and resolution. In the *Royal George*, General Quiroga came passenger to England, and immediately set off for Cadiz, where he has been called to take an important command. Gen. Novella has been appointed Governor of Corunna in his stead. Sir R. Wilson had gone to Vigo, in order to assemble the troops on the side of that town and in Orense, and to assault the rear of the French, in the hope of compelling them to raise the siege.—It had been resolved to evacuate Vigo, as untenable, and the guns were spiked. It was reported, that Morillo had been defeated by Generals Palarea and Rosellon, at a place called Puente de Sampayo, and that General Bourck had been obliged to send 2,000 Frenchmen to support him.

MADRID, JULY 29.—At two o'clock yesterday morning, the Duke of Angoulême left Madrid for Seville.—*Madrid Gazette.*

JULY 30.—The *Extraordinary Gazette of Madrid* announces that Morillo has beaten the Revolutionary troops near Vigo.—*Journal des Debats.*

SWITZERLAND.

An article entitled "Switzerland, July 28," from the German papers,—states that the Committee of the Swiss Diet, intrusted with the examination of certain proposals made by the Holy Alliance, relative to the press and to foreigners resident within the Cantons, framed a report in which all the points insisted on by the Powers have been conceded, and it is promised to send to the several Cantons a pressing invitation to execute the required measures. The abuses of the press are to be *prevented*. Fugitives from foreign countries, who have left home on account of their crimes, or "their interruption of the public tranquillity," are not henceforth to find shelter in the Republic; and if any foreigners, lawfully resident there, should carry on intrigues against foreign Governments, they shall be at once expelled.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

An article in the German papers states that the Porte had seized some ships under the flag of Russia, bound from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, on a suspicion of their being Greek property. The British Ambassador lectured the Divan severely on the occasion, and procured the restoration of the merchantmen—subject, however, to their returning to Odessa, instead of prosecuting their outward voyage.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, August 5.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Rivers, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker.
E. Hastings, Lower Smith-street, Northampton-square, milkman.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Bond, Cawston, Norfolk, farmer. Solicitors, Messrs. Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn, Holborn.
J. Austin, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Cheapside, warehouseman. Solicitor, Mr. Gilbank, Coleman-street.
J. U. Hawkins, Star-corner, Bermondsey, carpenter. Solicitor, Mr. Lee, Three Crown-square, Southwark.
J. Haselden, Grub-street, horse-dealer. Solicitor, Mr. Gray, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.
G. Green, York-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. Solicitors, Messrs. Sweet. Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street.
R. Alderson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, surgeon. Solicitors, Messrs. Constable and Kirk, Symond's Inn, Chancery-lane.
P. Rothwell, Runcorn, Cheshire, corn-dealer. Solicitors, Messrs. Brundrett, Spinks, and Reddish, Temple.
R. Symes, Kingswood, Wiltshire, clothier. Solicitors, Messrs. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street.

Saturday, August 9.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

W. Rashbrook, Lavenham, Suffolk, farmer.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Williamson, Withington, Lancashire, dealer. Solicitors, Messrs. Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane.
H. Humphreys and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-merchants. Solicitors, Messrs. Taylor and Co. Temple.
T. Hobbs, Westminster-road, victualler. Solicitor, Mr. Bennet, Symond's-inn.
J. Green, White Horse-terrace, Stepney. Solicitors, Messrs. Freeman and Co. Coleman-street.
T. Lean, Liverpool, coach-maker. Solicitor, Mr. Chester, Staple-inn.
J. Lucas, Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, musical-instrument-maker. Solicitor, Mr. Lester, Crutched-friars.
W. Drummond, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper. Solicitor, Mr. Chester, Staple-inn.
T. Butcher, Holborn, victualler. Solicitor, Mr. Carpenter, Furnival's-inn.

THE FUNDS.—Consols remained very stationary until Friday, when they looked up about a quarter, in consequence, it is supposed, of the notion of an approaching negociation. French Scrip has risen materially on the same ground, and more especially on a belief in the approaching defection of Ballasteros which is industriously circulated in the French accounts from Spain. In the foreign market little is doing; Colombian Bonds are slightly looking up; there is scarcely any variation in other foreign securities. Latest quotations:—

Consols, 82⅛	New Fours, 101⅛
Reduced, 85⅛	Consols for Account, 82⅛
Four per cent. 100⅛	

FOREIGN SECURITIES.

Chilian, 70¼ 70 ¼	Russian of 1822, 85¼ ¼
Do. for the end of the month, 70¼	Spanish of 1821, 32¾ ¾ 3¼ 3
Colombian, 66¼ 6	Do. for the end of the month, 33¼ 3
Do. for the end of the month, 66¾ 6	French Rentes, 92f. 50c.
Prussian, 97¼	Do. Scrip, 1¾ 2¼ 2½ 2
Do. of 1822, 85½ ¼ ¼	Exchange, 25f. 70c.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 10.

AN alarm was created on Friday by the reported surrender of Corunna, which however turned out to be without foundation. The new steam-packet, commanded by Sir J. DOYLE, had arrived from Vigo; and some of the passengers, who had embarked in the hurry and confusion of an expected visit from the French, represented the Spanish affairs in the gloomiest colours. General QUIROGA too, the brave defender of Corunna, having come to England in the steam-vessel, assisted the first unfavourable impression; but it was soon ascertained, that he had only taken this mode as the most expeditious way of getting to Cadiz, whither he had been summoned by the Cortes to take a command. The accounts from Corunna are to the 31st July, at which time the town held out resolutely, and the garrison and inhabitants were animated by an enthusiastic determination to dispute every inch of ground. Sir ROBERT WILSON had gone to Vigo, to arrange some movement with the Constitutional troops in the rear of the French, which might embarrass the besiegers. The traitor MORILLO had been engaged with the garrison of Vigo, and both parties claim the victory. The reader will find some other particulars under the foreign head. In regard to decisive facts, it cannot be said there is anything new; but every circumstance tends to manifest the noble and resolute spirit of the Galicians; and we may console ourselves with the reflection, that if only a few of the Spanish provinces imitate this honourable example, they may laugh at all the efforts of the invaders.

A second sortie from Cadiz is understood to have taken place on the 16th ult. but there are no satisfactory accounts from any quarter.

No blow has yet been struck in Andalusia by BALLASTEROS, as was hoped. Indeed, if we can credit the French accounts, that General's forces have been so cut up in partial rencontres, that he was incapable of making any formidable attack. The following telegraphic dispatch was posted on the Exchange of Paris on Thursday afternoon:—

"THE MAJOR-GENERAL TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"*Manzanares, 3d August, Four* P. M.

"The avant-guard of Molitor dispersed on the 25th, near Guardix, all the cavalry of Ballasteros.---Granada was occupied on the 27th.---On the 28th, Molitor compleatly defeated, at Campillo de Aronaz, General Ballasteros, who retired to the mountains of Cazorla.---General Foisac Latour is at Villa Corillo, and General de Loverdo is returned to Granada upon the rear of the enemy, who being discouraged, has requested to enter into arrangements."

The latter assertion was also the subject of many rumours at Paris; but except on infinitely better authority, we cannot listen to an insinuation so injurious to a brave soldier and tried patriot.

The Duke of ANGOULEME left Madrid for the seat of war in the South, on the 28th July. No doubt is entertained that his object is to negociate with the Cortes, and certainly on far more moderate terms than the BOURBONS dreamt of when they entered upon this desperate crusade. The French Ultras scarcely endeavour to conceal their disappointment at the protraction of the war, and the really insignificant progress they have made towards the subjugation of the country. It is evident besides, that there are violent dissentions between the BOURBON Prince and the Royalist Regency, of which fact sufficient proof may be found in the "General Order" by which the former partitions out all Spain into military commands for his Lieutenants. A jealousy of Russia, whose Ambassador is said to be all-powerful with the Madrid Regents, is thought to be a principal ground of the BOURBON displeasure. A respectable private letter from Madrid asserts positively, indeed, that "offers of Russian troops have been made, for the purpose of re-establishing absolute monarchy and the Inquisition." A recent demi-official article from Petersburgh on Spanish affairs, in which great praise is bestowed on the Inquisition as "the chief pillar of FERDINAND'S throne," is justly esteemed by a contemporary an indirect confirmation of this statement. Altogether, the general aspect of things is more embarrassing than ever for the French, and proportionately cheering to the Spaniards.

Letters from Paris mention the failure of a speculator of some note, by name Cleret, who, at the period the loan was contracted for, sold stock for the end of the month to the extent of 2,800,000 francs *de rente*. The funds, contrary to his expectation, rising in value, he was unable to pay his differences, and was declared a defaulter. The necessity for buying in the stock he had sold on speculation was the cause of a material advance in the *rentes* in the early part of Monday last, when they reached 92.

POLITICAL PERSECUTION.—Mentz, July 31.—The Holy Alliance is at present persecuting over the whole European continent a young man of Altona, named De Witt, the nephew, it is said, of the correspondent who signs with two crosses (††) in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, and accused of participating in all the demagogical plots which the governors and their councillors have discovered. This young man, aged 23, is full of spirit and information, and everywhere the continental police describe him as the most dangerous propagator of bad principles. At Paris he frequented the higher circles, and more particularly the house of the Russian Princess B——. He was admitted to the parties of Madame de S—, the wife of a former French Minister, under the name of Doering, which he assumed, it is said, to avoid the pursuit of the Prussian Government. He has made his appearance in every part of Germany, and also in Italy, having stopped a long time at Turin and Milan, whence he succeeded in escaping. The agents of the Mentz commission are looking after him in Switzerland: and two great Powers have offered rewards, the one of 10,000 francs, the other of 200 louis, for his apprehension.—*Journal du Commerce.*

The Vice-Chancellor's Court on Friday presented a singular exhibition of the degradation to which sordidness and corruption sometimes reduce human nature. A miserable creature who had pirated the new volume of *Don Juan*, came in person to move to set aside the injunction obtained against him; and there he stood for half an hour, maintaining that the work of which he had published an edition in order to wrong the author, was immoral, scandalous, destructive of law, religion, virtue, and decency!! Is it possible to conceive a more revolting spectacle? A man actually pleading his own infamy, in order to obtain the means which a vicious law affords, of plundering the rightful owner of a literary property—standing up unabashed in a crowded Court, and labouring hard to prove himself one of the basest of mankind! He was in this inextricable predicament—that if what he said was sincere, he is a brazen profligate of the most extraordinary kind;—if insincere, he is the vilest of hypocrites and liars. Our readers may easily judge to which class he more properly belongs, when we inform them, that this self-convicted wretch, who declaims against the general political reflections in *Don Juan* as *seditious*, is a vender of what are called "cheap radical publications;" and that this protester against the pretended immorality of Lord BYRON's poetry, is the retailer of *Benbow's* filthy books! If the VICE-CHANCELLOR imagines that the interests of morality and the purity of the law, are promoted by encouraging such scenes as that of Friday, he must have a strange obliquity of vision. With regard to the monstrous injustice of confounding a matter-of-fact as to property, with a matter of opinion as to literary taste or decorum, sensible men of all parties have long made up their minds. It is true, that the evil may not be very extensive practically, because few human beings are sunk so far beneath the reach of conscience, as to expose themselves in this fashion; but still the principle is the height of injustice. We were glad to perceive, that the Judge did not himself express any opinion that *Don Juan* was an immoral work, which he is too sensible and well-read a man to think it. It is satisfactory to know too, that in consequence of the genuine cheap edition, and the tardiness of this piracy, there is no chance of the smallest profit being made by the pirate.

A FREE TRANSLATION
OF A LETTER SENT BY PRINCE HILT TO A FRIEND AT PARIS.
(From the Chronicle.)

From climate hot and hot campaign
I write, "*ma chère amie*,"
To let you know how nobly Spain
Agrees with France and me.
All folks, misled by false pretences,
Are coming to their chains and senses,
And all the crowds I see
Adore, without the smallest shyness,
The Inquisition, and my Highness.

Whene'er we meet a whiskered foe,
He's murdered and defeated;
(My Bulletins have told you so)
Yet corpses have retreated,
And every day the battle slain,
Substantial ghosts, start up again;
And Hell and I are cheated,
And blade and bullet seem to soften,—
We kill the brutes so very often!

We pass our time delightfully;
I like, as I'm a sinner,
My laurels after victory,
My claret after dinner;
But meat and mirth are very dear;
And poursuivant and pioneer
Are growing rather thinner;
And, though I love the Spanish Ladies,
I wish they'd let us into Cadiz!

I dote upon Madrid Nobility,
Where Dons and Dames abound;
And patronise Madrid civility,
Where drums and vivas sound;
I also like the Friars and Nuns,
The cowls, the canons—not the guns—
And gaze in rapture round,
When all the Counts, and all their wives,
Damn the Guerrillas, and their knives.

The Peasantry seem quite content;
The King has got the gout;
The Cortes seem securely pent!—
The Devil may drive them out:
Old Moncey has been often bit,
But he has length of beard and wit,
And minds what he's about;
While Mina swears in every weather,
And cuts his jokes and throats together.

You know O'Donnell's plot was blown;
And General Morillo
Might just as well have left alone
His petty peccadillo.
They did not, little love, amuse,
And were not of the smallest use;
And I must wear the willow,
And mourn that two such glorious traitors
Brought nothing but their grins and gaiters.

Adieu! you'll understand my story
From this right royal rhyme;
I've gained a deal of ground and glory,
And lost a deal of time.
My uniform is much admired,
I'm getting wonderfully tired,
My boots are quite sublime;
And I remember in my prayer,
Paris, kid gloves*—*et vous, ma chère!*

* It is well known that "the Ladies whom the Bourbons love," are always requested to wear kid gloves.

His Majesty has finally renounced his intention of making an aquatic excursion this summer. Official orders were yesterday given to dismantle the Royal yachts, two of which are to proceed round to Deptford, and the other two to remain at Portsmouth as usual. The unfavourable state of the weather is, we understand, the principal cause of his Majesty's determination.—*Courier.*

EASTER OFFERINGS.—The Rev. Edward South Thurlow, who possesses the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, and is also prebendary of Norwich, has, it appears, been prosecuting some of his poor parishioners for Easter offerings. A Mr. Old, of Hetton-le-Hole, had a quantity of cordwainer's thread, we are informed, taken from him to the amount of 20*s.* to satisfy the worthy rector's demand of eight-pence.—*Durham Chronicle.*

It is calculated that no less than 44,000 Spaniards are at the present moment confined in prisons by the orders of the Mock Regency at Madrid, and besides treated with the utmost indignity, for no other offence than because they are known as *Liberals*.

An application has lately been made by Mr. Butt to 67 Charitable Institutions, demanding a sum of money in their possession belonging to him, arising out of property forcibly seized from his stock-broker by a former Committee of the Stock Exchange. We cannot imagine how this money, the produce of time-bargains, could lawfully be seized by *other parties, after payment by the individuals losing* it; nor *how the Charities can retain it.* Do the Stock Exchange Authorities reflect, that if bargains made by parties are to be thus violated by a seizure after payment, there is no security for any transaction within the walls of the house? Such a precedent would entirely destroy the confidence of the public.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

English Opera House.

A new *petite piece* in two acts, intitled *I will have a Wife*, was brought out at this theatre on Thursday night. It has no claims to originality, being translated from *Le Capitaine Belronde* of Picard, by Mr. Planche, we believe; but national originality is of the least possible consequence to an audience, when the adaptation is easy and spirited, which being the case in the present instance, a bill of naturalization was passed, *nem. diss.* The general idea of *I will have a Wife*, however, is tolerably ancient in both countries, but especially in our own; nothing being more common in our older comedy of intrigue, than complacent coxcombs, who, anxious to marry any body, are rejected by every body; and who, in conformity with the exalted *morale* of that day, are usually in the sequel united by some "damn'd good-natured friend" or other, to his forsaken mistress, or to something worse. Happily, this branch of our drama is amended in decorum, if not in vivacity, and as to the French, it never offended in that way; so that both our loans and originals, if dull, are decent, which is at all events something. The plot of *I will have a Wife* exhibits a very dextrous employment of slight materials, which by the way is a French qualification in war and in cookery, as well as the drama. No people can spread a small portion of truth over a bulletin with half the felicity, or blend a few simple aliments with more exquisite *goût* than the Frenchmen; and certainly none can make a trifling domestic point tell more happily on the stage. In the present piece, we are introduced to an elderly Admiral (*Firedrake*) who has retired from a brave and successful pursuit of his profession, in the possession of health, spirits, and fortune. In such a predicament nothing is more natural for an Evergreen of fifty, who has had no time to think of matrimony before, to conclude that marriage, after all, is the summit of earthly felicity; and such is our Admiral. Having purchased a villa, and surrounded himself with all sorts of delectability, he is seized with a comprehensive regard for three young ladies of his acquaintance, one of whom he determines to make his bride. When the drama opens, he has contrived by a little address to make all these ladies his guests at his newly-purchased residence; and the business of the piece commences with his arrangements to make his choice that very day. The management of the incident is happy: in the midst of a soliloquy, in which he declares his intentions, and congratulates himself on having the field all to himself, the arrival of a bold Captain of Dragoons, his nephew (Pearman) is announced, who declares that he is come to spend the hunting season with him. In the first instance he is much disconcerted, but with characteristic good humour quickly recovers, and informs his nephew of his plan and intentions. First, there is the beautiful *Mrs. Summerfield* (Miss Dance) a young and rich widow, to whom he has had the happiness of being serviceable, and who he is sure he may have if he pleases; secondly, there is his ward *Isabella Hardy* (Miss Carr) from whom he expects equal acquiescence; and lastly, there is *Miss Emily Rosebank* (Miss Povey) a young lady of the neighbourhood, who, under the protection of her aunt, is also a visiter, and one who would doubtless receive his addresses with approbation. The nephew, although he is heir presumptive, says not a word against marriage, but at once lets us into a part of the plot, by his confusion at the mention of *Miss Rosebank*. An introduction to the ladies follows, and the autumnal gallantry of the amatory Admiral is made by Bartley exceedingly amusing. In this prosperous state of things, a post-chaise is announced, from which steps *Billy Badger* (Baker) a young cockney, son of the Admiral's solicitor, who has obtained his papa's permission to spend a couple of months with the Admiral. The Admiral is once more greatly annoyed, but then the cockney is a fool, and there is no danger. The company are now about to proceed to breakfast, after which the important decision is to be made, when the horn of the Bristol mail is heard, and *Dennis O'Leary, Esq.* (Power) steps in with a portmanteau in his hand, having accidentally discovered, while passing by the hospitable mansion of *Admiral Firedrake*, that he is travelling in a coach going to Bath, instead of in another whose destination was London, and with the most pleasant assurance in the world, claims accommodation from the benevolent Admiral until the proper coach passes. The result is obvious: the unlucky Admiral is intruded on by the three lovers of his three ladies, and the remainder of the piece is taken up with the successive detections and disappointments. Having determined by lot to address the young widow, *Mrs. Summerfield*, first, the momentous declaration is just dropping from his lips, when she anticipates it by a confused confession of her secret marriage to the identical Mr. *Dennis O'Leary*. The astounded Admiral next accosts his ward *Isabella*, and finds the supposed Cockney, who is a *Captain Merton* disguised, kneeling at her feet. And lastly, after a formal declaration to the innocent *Miss Rosebank*, he learns that she has been wooed and won by his nephew, the gallant Captain of Dragoons, five minutes before. What is to be done?—he *will* be married; and as there is no one else to address, he proposes himself, after much whimsical distress, to the matronly aunt of *Miss Rosebank*, by whom he is gladly accepted, and the piece concludes.

Such is the very slight *materiel* which, being judiciously managed, makes an exceedingly pleasant farce. Bartley, upon whom the support of the piece principally falls, played off, with admirable humour, the factitious gallantry and lovesickness of a jolly and good-humoured swain of fifty. Several touches were altogether felicitous, and although a little too much of caricature, now and then, intruded the general effect was excellent. Pearman, as the Captain of Dragoons, was easy and natural, and sang the beautiful French air of *C'est l'Amour* with great feeling; he was most heartily encored, with symptoms of a desire for a second repetition. Baker, in the mock Cockney, was more animated than usual, and Power enacted the easy and gentlemanly Irishman with a neatness of conception, which in this line of comedy is too seldom seen. By the way, this actor appears to us to have something more in him than his present standing implies, at least we thought so on Thursday night particularly, and have suspected the same thing before. The ladies had little to do; but Miss Dance was an attractive young widow enough, and Miss Povey sang a simple air very pleasingly, and was heartily encored. The music was chiefly adaptation or loan; the overture, in particular, was grounded on the air of "How imperfect is expression!" and the effect was agreeable. Upon the whole, this trifle is a bijou that is likely to hang more or less "on the cheek of night" at the English Opera House, for the remainder of the season. It was received most graciously; and Mr. Bartley's vivacious announcement—"sanctioned by your approbation, *I will have a Wife* to-morrow night," was loudly applauded.

Frankenstein is much improved by condensation, and is acquiring that sort of character which obliges every body to go and see it. A new edition of the Romance, we understand, will be produced by it.

Haymarket.

This House goes on with unabated prosperity, but nothing new has been produced, for we think it unnecessary to dwell upon the strangulation of a ricketty farce, yesterday week, at the moment of its birth. We suppose the Managers are of opinion that as the house constantly fills, it is prudent "to let well alone," for no other novelty is noticed in the announcements. Q.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

The following anecdote, which we quote from the *European Magazine*, resembles in spirit a generous action related of Mozart, who gave a beautiful minuet (written in a coffee-house, on the spur of the moment) to a person who asked charity of him, when he had no money:—M. Thorvaldsden, the celebrated sculptor and rival of Canova, during his recent stay at Copenhagen, had heard of an old friend, the father of seven young children, who had just been deprived of liberty by unmerited distresses. M. Thorvalsden, not being possessed at that moment of any money, immediately made his friend a present of one of his finest works, being a marble group of a mother and her two children.

M. Gomez, assisted by some Chinese gardeners, cultivates the tea-plant in Brazil with great success.

Mr. Martin, the celebrated painter of *Belshazzar's Feast, &c.* has commenced his engraving, on steel, of that work. The outline and perspective will be executed by himself, and it will be finished in mezzotinto by Mr. Lupton, so as to appear next spring. Mr. Martin has commenced his grand picture of *Sardanapalus, or the Fall of Nineveh*. It will be 16 feet by 11 feet 8 inches, and will be finished next spring twelvemonths.—*European Magazine.*

Apostates.—Deserters are never implicitly trusted. There is, besides the sentiment or general principle of the thing, a practical reason for this. Their zeal, their eagerness to distinguish themselves in their new career, makes them rash and extravagant; and not only so, but there is always a leaven of their old principles remaining behind, which breaks out in spite of themselves, and which it is difficult for their encouragers and patrons to guard against. This is observable in the present Poet-Laureat, whose jacobinical principles have taken such deep root in him *(intus et in cute)* that they break out even in his Court poems, like "a thick scurf" on loyalty; and he presents them unconsciously, as an offering of "sweet-smelling gums," at the very foot of the throne. He at present retains his place apparently on condition of holding his tongue. He writes such Odes on Kings, that it is next to impossible not to travestie them into lampoons! I fancy he has felt, as much as any one, the inconvenience of drawing off from a cause, and that by so doing we leave our oldest and our best friends behind. He gave up a principle, and one left him;—he insulted a feeling, and another fled;—he accepted a place, and received the congratulations of no one but Mr. Croker. He looks round for them in vain, with throbbing heart (the heart of a poet can never lie still; he should take the more care what it is that agitates it!)—sees only the shadows or the carcases of old friendships; or stretches out his hand to grasp some new patron, and finds that also cold.—*Liberal*, No. IV. (Art: *Arguing in a Circle.*

Ferdinand VII.—The following is one of the most remarkable proofs of the treachery of this Monarch:—A new coinage of doubloons had been prepared, and as a compliment to the King, and before the whole was ready to issue to the public, a quantity of them was sent to his Majesty's treasurer, as part of the kingly allowance granted to his Royal Master. Soon after, one of those bands of the Faith, armed for the purpose of destroying the constitution, even previous to the entry of the French, was taken by the Constitutionalists, and on the persons of the officers and troops were found some of the very doubloons sent to the Palace from the Mint, and which had not yet been put into general circulation.—*Evening Paper.*

Somnolency.—A singular affection has been observed in a mendicant, aged 79, in the infirmary of Mentz. This man slept without waking eighty days. When they sought to awaken him by violent shaking, he sometimes uttered an inarticulate sound, and would swallow two or three spoonfuls of wine and broth, and then relapse into his usual state. All stimulants were applied in vain, and on the eightieth day he expired.

About 40 packs of exportation cards, on which the duty had not been paid, were lately seized by the revenue officers, on being attempted to be brought into this port from the Isle of Man. The penalty, in such cases, is 50*l.* per pack, and it is generally enforced with great severity, as the temptation to smuggling is, in such articles, unusually great.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

Distribution of Honours in Queen Elizabeth's Time.—Honours were then so very sparingly bestowed, that the Order of the Garter was considered by the Queen as a sufficient recompense to Sir Philip Sidney for his refusing the crown of Poland, and the great Walsingham received no higher an honour. Sir Francis Drake, for his voyage round the world, and astonishing exploits against the Spaniards, was simply knighted by the Queen, and an additional bearing to his coat of arms was granted to him. By conferring such favours, Elizabeth esteemed herself bounteous, and applauded her extraordinary munificence. Lastly, Sir Thomas Gresham, for procuring the protesting of the Spanish bills at Genoa, and thereby retarding the expedition of the "invincible Armada" for a whole year;—for building the Exchange at his own expense,—and founding and endowing seven professorships, was thought to have been highly rewarded by the heralds proclaiming the edifice "*Royal*" in the presence of the Sovereign, and by the founder's having had the honour to kiss the hand of the Queen's Grace.—The truth is, that these honours, being extremely rare, and bestowed by a great spirit upon scarcely any but great spirits, became valuable in proportion, and far outweighed the light and lavish coin of after times. The Greeks desired no greater glory for their heads than a crown of laurel or parsley.—*Literary Pocket Book.*

The last gazettes from *Colombia* afford evidence that the Republic is active in improving its laws and institutions, and the government appears zealous in promoting the education of the people. There are two Lancasterian Schools in the capital, which supply tutors for the provincial schools as they are successively established. The scholars are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of geography and of short-hand, with the rights and duties of citizenship. The last meetings have afforded proofs of the great improvements made in these seminaries, which are supported by the revenue of the suppressed monasteries. The zeal of the government in diffusing knowledge amongst the lower orders has been caught by many individuals; and society is making a rapid progress since the establishment of general liberty. According to an official report in 1822, in the preceding nine months there had been sailing under the Republican flag, two corvettes, six brigs, twelve galeots, and two cutters; and these had increased in the succeeding months. The amelioration of the blacks has been equally an object of public solicitude. A Mr. Camilo Manrique has lately liberated nine of his slaves, and a Mr. Fernandez Soto treats all his slaves as free labourers, giving them regular wages. Such men as these deserve to be celebrated, and a society must rapidly advance where its elements are composed of such enlightened individuals.—*European Magazine.*

Madame Quiroga, the wife of the Spanish General, has been captured by the French on her voyage from Corunna to this country, and carried into L'Orient. A letter has been received from this lady, from which it appears that she has been refused permission to proceed on her voyage, and that she is detained a close prisoner in the house of the Prefect. Of this arbitrary proceeding, so contrary to the acknowledged gallantry of the French nation, Madame Quiroga complains with justice, and has addressed a memorial in very strong terms to the French Government, demanding exemption from personal restraint, and to be allowed to go where she pleases. She has forwarded letters through this country to her illustrious husband, who will only receive information by this circuitous route of the misfortune that has befallen her.

Exportation of "Ladies."—A letter from a gentleman in Van Diemen's Land, to his friend in Edinburgh, may furnish a useful hint to the disciples of Mr. Malthus. It appears that the best article of traffic in that settlement would be females! One speculator proposes to take from one to two hundred, as a first order; and so certain is he of disposing of them to advantage, that he only stipulates that they shall be under fifty. He offers to remit the cash advanced as freightage, with the least possible delay. Besides the Governor offers a bounty, on the importation, of from fifty to one hundred acres of land.—*Bristol Mercury.*

A day or two ago a child fell out of a window, two stories high, in Queen-street, Durham, and was not in the least hurt by the fall!

"The Fortunate Youth" in Orders.—The young gentleman who some time since made so great a noise under the above designation, has, it seems, entered into the church, much to the annoyance of the Right Rev. Prelate who ordained him, while utterly unconscious of his identity, and quite satisfied with the testimonials he was *lucky* enough to obtain. He has since, however, we understand, suspended him from the performance of any ecclesiastical functions.—*Daily Paper.*

Lord Nugent left Lillies on Tuesday last, to embark for Spain, to join the Spanish army in its glorious cause. His first object is Vigo, to join Sir Robert Wilson for a week or ten days, and then, unless he is detained in Galicia, he will proceed to Cadiz, to devote himself and his services to the gallant Spaniards.—*Bucks Chronicle.*

Prince Hohenlohe exhibits the natural progress of dealers in all sorts of merchandize. From a retail dealer, or indeed pedlar, in miracles, he has got at last in the wholesale way. His Highness complains to his Irish patients, that they send him daily too many letters to be answered by the same post, so that he appoints one congregate mass for the whole country, and cures the Irish Catholics in the gross.

We have been just informed, by a gentleman on whom every reliance can be placed, and who returned from Maryborough, that *Miss Lalor is tongue-tied again!*—*Dublin Paper.*

During the residence of Peter I. at Berlin, when on his visit to the different States of Europe, he expressed a wish to be present at some execution, and begged of Frederick I. to procure him that diversion. Inquiries were made in all the prisons, and no culprit being found under sentence of death, to afford the Czar the wished-for amusement, and gratify his curiosity, he said to the Prussian Monarch, "Well, if you have no criminals, take one of my servants."—*Mem. of Count de Hondt.*

Steam Navigation.—The following account of the accommodation on board of a steam-boat at the ferry of Alloa, given in a Scotch paper, shows the improvement to which that mode of conveyance may be brought:—Post-chaises, carts, and carriages of every description, are driven into and out of the boat without unharnessing the horses; and gentlemen in gigs, who formerly had the trouble of taking off their horses, and hoisting their gigs into the boat, with no small risk to the vehicle itself, now drive on board, cross the river, and drive out again, without even descending from their carriages. Gentlemen on horseback never think of dismounting. A few days ago, ten carts, loaded with malt from Glasgow, each weighing two tons, crossed at one time. On Saturday se'nnight, a detachment of upwards of 20 of the Clackmannanshire yeomanry cavalry marched down the March pier, entered the boat, drew up on deck with as much order as if they had been on the parade, crossed, and returned, without so much as disordering their line of march, to the great surprise and entertainment of the numerous spectators who witnessed this novel and amusing sight.

Naivete.—"Another story concerns the governor of our city here, who is popular, notwithstanding his Sardinian office. He is a Savoyard Marquis of the name of d'Yennes, and relates the story himself with much glee. As he was coming to take possession of his appointment, he stopped at a town not far from Genoa, the inhabitants of which were ambitious of doing him honour. They accordingly gave him an entertainment, at which was an allegorical picture containing *a Hyæna surrounded with Cupids.* The hyæna was supposed to be a translation of his name. Upon requesting an explanation of the compliment, he received the following smiling reply:—'*Les Amours, Monsieur, sont nous; et vous etes la bête.*' ('The Loves, Sir, are ourselves; the beast is you.')"—*Liberal*, No. IV. Art. *Letters from Abroad.*

The late Mr. Shelley.—In answer to a question from a friend at Manchester, we believe the published works of the late Mr. Shelley are the following:—*Queen Mab. A Proposal to put Reform to the Vote, by the Hermit of Marlow. Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude. The Revolt of Islam. Rosalind and Helen, with smaller poems. The Cenci, a Tragedy. The May-day Night Scene, translated from Goethe's Faust* (in the *Liberal*, No. I.)—*Adonais.*

A RECENT ELOPEMENT.—It is doubtless in recollection, that about three weeks ago a young lady and gentleman were overtaken at Aylesbury, and the young lady, after considerable resistance from the lover, was torn from his arms, and compelled to return to London. Some subsequent proceedings have taken place of rather a curious nature. The young gentleman, on his return, sought an interview with the fair object of his affections, but this he could not obtain. He then openly claimed her in marriage from her father, but was rejected. By some ingenuity he got admission, with his brother, to the house of her father, where a great deal of conversation took place between all the parties. The young gentleman urged his pretensions; the father firmly persisting in his rejection of him, and the young lady herself (as is alleged) gave him reason to believe that her sentiments, if she had ever entertained any of a tender kind, had undergone a considerable change. It was stated to him, that under the circumstances of her elopement, the shaft of calumny might be levelled at her character, and he was asked whether he would object to sign a certificate, declaring her to be spotless as before he knew her. Being pressed, he did sign it, at the same time giving verbally a most unequivocal declaration to the same effect. He afterwards renewed his urgent entreaties to be allowed to lead her to the altar, but was again refused; and finally he learned that she was engaged, and about to be married to another! At this, all prudence forsook him, and he swore he would shoot her—his declaration was "By G——, if she goes to the altar with another, she shall never return from it alive!" He went to the house, and repeated this declaration, and was attended by his brother, who was also said to have joined in the threats. It was at length deemed necessary to appeal to the law, and an application was made at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of which a peace-warrant was issued; but the brother of the lover only was taken into custody.—An examination took place before the Magistrate. The brother denied that he had ever made use of a threat or any expression which could be so construed. He descanted upon the misery his brother had endured, and declared he was almost in a state of madness. He had been induced (the defendant added) to sign the certificate which had been mentioned, by a promise from the young lady, that upon his bringing it she would consent to have him.—Here the young lady, who was present, said, "I never made any such promise."—The defendant declared she did.—The young lady denied that she ever made any such declaration. It was further stated, that she was at first by no means a consenting party to the elopement: for that the young gentleman had prevailed upon her to enter a carriage, under the pretence of taking her for a drive merely; and they had got more than 20 miles before she was informed of his intention, and it was then too late to retract.—A very stormy discussion terminated at length in an order from his Worship, for the defendant to enter into sureties to keep the peace.—The fair cause of all these proceedings, who is little more than 17, was married, it is said, to the favoured rival on Saturday week.—*Daily Papers.*

The subscription in favour of the Greeks at Aberdeen amounts now to 187*l*. The *Aberdeen Chronicle* says, "We are glad to hear that several Ministers in the town are to promote the subscription throughout their respective congregations, when any sum to the least piece of silver will be acceptable."

PARIS, AUG. 4.—All Paris yesterday poured its thousands towards the Champ de Mars, where Mademoiselle Garnerin was to ascend in a balloon, and descend *en parachute*. The bills of the day stated that we were to have dancing, horse-racing, &c. Horse-racing there certainly was; and such racing! Four horses contested for the prizes; with the exception of one, you might see as good sport between animals taken from Meux's brewery. About half-past eight the parachute and basket were suspended; and Mademoiselle Garnerin, a woman about 40 years of age, dressed in white, with a hat *à la Marie Stuart*, then took her seat in the basket. As there was scarcely any wind, two persons dragged the basket up to the balcony occupied by the Duchess de Berri, where Mademoiselle Garnerin, after having been turned round and round by this action like a fowl upon a spit, took her leave; and the balloon went off beautifully towards St. Denis. Mademoiselle G. when at a height of about 300 yards, discharged a small quantity of sand-ballast, and subsequently repeated that mode of increasing the velocity. It was not without difficulty that we could trace her progress, as it was nearly dark when she had been away ten minutes: but with a glass I was able to see her release the parachute, and descend, when the balloon appeared no larger than a common-sized pilot balloon, and the parachute a mere speck. Fortunately, the parachute expanded thoroughly, and she descended at Bourge, near St. Denis, a distance of nearly three leagues. Her descent was so easy, that, to use a Frenchwoman's description, she had not a "fichu derange." The number of spectators in the Champ de Mars might be 20,000, and those in the environs at least 100,000. The prices of admission were 40, 5, and 1 franc. The day was excessively hot, and the price of a glass of water upon the ground was at one time 25 sous. The balloon was not more than two-thirds filled, to prevent its travelling to any considerable distance.—*Private Letter.*

Reynolds is appointed at Drury-lane theatre, supervisor of the new plays that may be presented to the Manager, and *cooker-up* of those old ones which may be deemed fit for revival. He held the same situation at Covent-garden, but was removed by the new Managers.—*Daily Paper.*

Liston, according to report, is to receive 50*l*. a week during the ensuing season at Drury-lane Theatre. Miss Stephens is to have 25*l*. every night she performs.

SPANISH CHARACTER.—The most striking peculiarity of Spanish customs is that chivalric spirit which has descended to the very lowest classes in Spain from the feudal times, and given to the whole nation that characteristic gravity which has become proverbial. If aught remain of this among other nations, it is vested exclusively in the aristocracy; but a high sense of honour, a self-supporting dignity, and a mutual respect, are universal among all classes in the Peninsula. Even their modes of salutation, and their habitual style of conversation, are quite fresh with the polish of chivalry. *Buenos dias, Caballero*, good morning, Knight—*A Dios, Caballero*, God go with you, Chevalier—is the language employed even among the poorest of the poor. It is become synonimous with "man of worth," or "man of honour."—*London Magazine.* (Mr. BOWRING *on Spanish Romances.*)

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—*Rome, May* 7, 1823.—I visited the Villa Paulina,—Pauline's own residence when she is at Rome. It is quite a *bijou*. The busts of all her family were there, with Napoleon's at their head, and several miniatures. That of Murat's son is among the number—a fine looking young man. Every thing was shown to us, to the inside of a writing-desk. We saw her bed-room, with every kind of convenience and luxury, a bath among the number. The bed was remarkably narrow and short—I am sure its length was under five feet. Every thing on her toilet was just as she had left it; and had not my days of gallantry passed away, I could have helped myself to some of the beautiful hair of the lovely Pauline, which was still remaining in the brushes. It is said her hair hangs on the ground when she stands up. She is still at Pisa, wretchedly ill. Her mother is here, as is Louis. Jerome has lately arrived to take up his residence in the palace of Lucien, which the latter quits, as he is about to leave Europe for America, and is selling off all his property, preparatory to his departure. He himself lives just now at Bologna, but his son Carlo is here, a fine, fat-faced, good-humoured, good-looking young man. Jerome seems sickly and care worn, and Louis looks old. They appear to associate chiefly among themselves, and I believe are individually very much attached to each other. Lucien, it is said, is far from being in good circumstances, having spent a great part of his fortune; and I am told, that the principal part of Louis' was confiscated in Holland after the re-establishment of the present order of things. Pauline is much pressed for money, and in fact their wealth has been very much exaggerated. Madame Mere, however, is said to be comfortably off. Miss Paterson, Jerome's first wife, was here two years ago. I am told they met, whether by design or accident, on the high road; but I know not if they spoke. He has a crown on all his carriages, with an *I* under it. Having occasion to speak to a stable attendant where his horses stood, and calling him *Principe*, I was corrected by this person, who said "*Rè Jerome, era Rè.*"—to which I of course assented."—[From the just-published number of the *Album*, which contains, besides some pleasant papers, an interesting memoir of the Greek Revolution.]

NEW STEAM ENGINE.—A machine has been invented for cracking stones on the highways; it consists of two rollers, placed side by side, an inch apart, turning different ways; the stones are placed in a kind of hopper above, and then forced down on the cylinders by means of a rake. In this manner one ton of hard pebbles can be completely broken in eight minutes!

At a crowding into the theatre, a cockney said to a person next to him, "*Vi* do you push so?" He received for answer, "Sine *Vi*, *Vi*a nulla est."

Among other curious works shortly about to be sold at Fonthill, is *A Demonology, by King James I. in Manuscript.*

HABEAS CORPUS ACT.—Bishop Burnet relates a curious circumstance respecting the above act:—"It was carried," says he, "by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lord Grey and Norris were named to be the tellers. Lord Norris being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing; so a very fat Lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him TEN, as a jest at first, but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten; so it was reported to the House, and declared that they who were for the Bill were the majority, though indeed it was on the other side; and by these means the Bill passed."

The bell presented by the Empress Anne to the Cathedral at Moscow, and esteemed the largest in the world, weighs 432,000*lbs*.

MORLAND THE ARTIST.—A work lately published gives the following picture of this eccentric person:—"He was found at one time in a lodging at Somers Town, in the following most extraordinary circumstances. His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin, in the one corner of the room; an ass and foal stood munching barley straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in an old cupboard; and himself whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel; with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting, or (if you please) kicking its own shadow in a looking glass."

Sir Robert Walpole, towards the close of his administration, was talking very freely to some friends of the vanity and vexations of office; and alluding to his intended retirement, repeated from Horace,

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est."

"Pray, Sir Robert," said one of his friends, "is that good Latin?"—"Why, I think so; what objection have you to it?"—"Why," said the other drily, "I did not know but the word might be *bribe*-isti in your Horace."

The Italian Opera-house is to be renovated after the present season, it appears. (Indeed it needs it grievously.) The architect is to be Mr. Beazley, who possesses the uncommon faculty of making plays as well as playhouses, and can try his hand indifferently at a farce or a portico—who (as the *London Magazine* jocosely sums it up) "*did* the inside of Drury-lane theatre, *Is he Jealous*, the house at Birmingham and *Gretna Green!*"

Letter-writers.—Some there are whose labours might be spared. They fill the first page with apologies for not having answered me earlier:—this is worse than their silence. The next thing is, to echo every circumstance I have related for their amusement; and their sentences, one after the other, set out with—"Your account of"—"How delighted you must have been when"—"I envy the journey you had from"—"As you observe, the climate must be"—and so on to the end of the chapter; and this they call answering me! Then follow loving remembrances from all the family, severally and collectively. And they finish with another apology, far more reasonable than the first, for having "troubled me with so much nonsense." There are others who fly off into the opposite extreme. To execute something worthy of being sent across the channel, and of the postage, they tease their brains for a fit subject, ponder on the best things that may be said upon it, and send you, not a letter, but an intolerable essay.—*Liberal*, No. IV. Art. *On Letter-writing*.

MOUTH VERSUS EYES.

[The following neat and sprightly version of La Fontaine's pleasant fable, is one of the Minor Pieces in the Fourth Number of the *Liberal*:]—

Cyprus to wit: Sweet Mouth *versus* Fine Eyes,
Before the chamber of Precedencies.
The case was opened by Sweet Mouth, who said,
"I summon Hearts. Let their reports be read.
Let them decide, my Lords, which of us two
Has most to say, to charm with, and to do.
Do, did I say? I'm ready to take oath,
I've more than I can do, though nothing loth:
Only it seems, I've not the happy art,
Of shedding tears, like Eyes! With all my heart:
My glory centers not in sight alone:
I satisfy three senses, they but one.
Odours and sounds to my sweet state belong,
And to delightful words I join a charming song.
My very sighs exhale a world of sweets,
Like zephyrs in the time of violets:
I have such ways to make a lover blest,
Such heaps, your Lordships will excuse the list:
And then if Fine Eyes lay a wager with us
To see who first can strike some heart beneath us,
Lord! how Fine Eyes go toiling round and round,
While, speak we but a word—the man's on ground:
We want no tricks, not we, to give the rosy wound.
Let Fine Eyes shut, they're no such wonder, they:
Sweet Mouth has always treasures to display,
Coral without, and precious pearl within:
Who, when I deign to play, can hope to win?
Let presents fall in oriental showers,
The favours I bestow beat all their dowers.
Thirty-two pearls I wear about me here,
Of which the least in beauty and least clear,
Surpasses all with which the East is lit;
As many millions should not purchase it."

Thus spoke Sweet Mouth: on which was seen to rise
A lover, who was counsel for Fine Eyes.
He said, as you may guess, that for their part,
Love, without them, could never find the heart:
That as to tears, he felt, he must own, shocked,
To hear their very tenderness rebuked.
What could sighs do, he should be glad to know,
Unless their warrants stood prepared to flow?
The fact was, both were good, and Sweet Mouth there
Wronged her own cause, and hurt her character.
There are delicious tears; and there are sighs,
On t' other hand, not over good or wise;
And Mouth had better, as she says she can,
Have gained the cause by silence than this plan.
What are the silent charms, the godlike powers,
To show for her cause, when compared with our's?
We charm an hundred and a thousand ways,
By sweetness, by a stealth, by sparkling rays,
And by what Sweet Mouth blames, but is the part
We glory in the most, the gentle art
Of melting with a tear the manliest heart.
Where Sweet Mouth gains a single conquest, we
Roll in a round of ceaseless victory:
And for one song in which she bears the prize,
A hundred thousand sparkle with Fine Eyes.
In courts, and cities, in the poet's groves,
What is there heard of but our darts and loves?
Such sudden strokes we deal, such deeds we vaunt,
That those do well, who say that we enchant:
We come, and all surrender up their arms:
Though often in the whirl of those alarms,
Fine Mouth comes following in, and then pretends her charms.
Heaven grant the people ask not who she is,
Or she may speak, and "thank the Gods amiss."
'Tis true, she has two words of magic touch,
"I love;" but cannot Fine Eyes say as much?
We have a tongue that with no words at all
Can ask, and hint, and tell a tale, and call,
And ravish more than all the pearls and songs,
Which Sweet Mouth musters round her tongue of tongues."

The Counsel started here, and took occasion
To make a very happy per-oration.
He caught a lady's eye, just coming in,
With an approach the sweetest ever seen:
He changed his tone, and with a gravity,
Seconded well by a reposing eye,
Said: "I've been taking up your Lordships' time
With trifling matters fitter for a rhyme;
Look there: my Lords, I think 'twould be absurd,
After that sight to add another word:
Pray give the sentence:—we are quite secure:
My client would not tire the court, I'm sure."

The lady, with a pretty shame, looked round
With speaking eyes, which dealt so wide a wound,
That all hands dropt their papers for surprise,
And not a heart but gave it for Fine Eyes.
Sweet Mouth at this, seeing how matters went,
And forced to raise some new astonishment,
Resumed, and said: "To what has just been dropt
(Which, by the way, is shockingly corrupt)
There is one word alone I wish to say:
My Lords, Fine Eyes do little but by day:
That silent tongue of theirs, when in the dark
Makes but a sorry sort of frigid spark:
What I can do, needs surely no remark."

This reason settled the dispute *instanter*:
Fine Eyes were much, but Sweet Mouth the Enchanter;
Fine Eyes, however, took it in good part:
And Sweet Mouth gave the Judge a kiss with all her heart.

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS AND SAINTSHIP PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

Prince Hohenlohe, Prince Hohenlohe!
Your miracles are not uncommon,
If all your prayers no further go
Than to produce *a talking woman!*

Prince Hohenlohe, indeed, indeed,
No Miracle is this you're showing—
No; if you seek *a Conj'ror's* meed,
You'll *stop* their tongues, not set them going!

Morning Chronicle.

LAW.

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT.

Thursday, Aug. 7.

MR. HAYDEN'S PICTURES.—SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT *v.* ALLNUTT.

Mr. Haydon had exhibited, among other pictures, one painted by himself, representing *Mackbeth*, which was the property of Sir George Beaumont, who had lent it him for the purpose. The picture was marked by a label, on which (as well as in the catalogue) was written, "purchased by Sir G. Beaumont;" and it was proved that Mr. Allnutt was frequently at the exhibition-room. The defendant however denied that he had ever observed the words in the catalogue, or that he knew the picture was the property of Sir George. He did not deny, however, that he had seen the label, which (the Vice-Chancellor observed) he must have seen. Mr. Haydon becoming embarrassed, a distress for rent was put in, and this picture seized with the others. The question was, whether under the circumstances the seizure was legal. The plaintiff had moved for an injunction to restrain the defendant from parting with the picture.

The Vice-Chancellor, after a good deal of argument, granted the injunction, and ordered the picture to be given up to Sir G. Beaumont, he undertaking to preserve it in its present state.

Friday, Aug. 8.

LITERARY PIRACY.—LORD BYRON *v.* DUGDALE.

William Dugdale rose to move that the injunction granted against him in this case should be dissolved. He began by apologising to his Honour for not addressing him on this occasion through the medium of Counsel, and declared that he would not then have appeared in Court had he been able to avail himself of the ability of the gentlemen at the bar. He proceeded to state the grounds on which he conceived the injunction could not stand. The learned Counsel who obtained the injunction had stated to the Court that this book contained nothing improper or immoral. That statement he should this day endeavour to disprove, and he should

show that the scenes in this book were immoral and licentious, and calculated to produce the worst effect on the minds of those inexperienced persons who might read them, and destructive of the moral feeling of the community. If he proved this—if he could show the ridicule and contempt with which every thing in Church and State, and every thing that dignified human nature were treated—if he could read from this book scenes so warm, so highly coloured, so licentious, that no father of a family would permit the book to be seen in his house; he confidently relied on the removal of the injunction which had been obtained against him. Two Cantos of this Poem had been published about three years ago, and the person who was really the publisher was so convinced of the immoral tendency of the work, that he was actually ashamed of acknowledging it as his publication, and positively shrunk from avowing it; and though Mr. Murray was the real publisher, though he sold the book openly in his shop to any one who asked for it, he would never avow his interest in the publication, and had not avowed it up to this day. Three other Cantos had been published in the same manner, and a considerable time elapsed between the publication of the first five Cantos and that for which the injunction had lately been obtained. At last, however, they appeared, and it was announced by advertisements in the public newspapers and elsewhere, that a common edition would be published at the price of one shilling, to counteract any attempt at piracy. By the terms of the advertisement respecting piracy, it was clear that the publishers thought the work did not deserve, and could not obtain protection. The principle of law was declared to be, that where an action at law would not lie for a work (which it would not for an immoral work) the Court of Equity would not grant an injunction. In the case of Mr. Lawrence's Lectures, the Lord Chancellor had determined that they were not the subject of an injunction, as they formed a book which, under the mask of science, was insidiously introducing the doctrine of materialism. The present work was incomparably worse than that just mentioned. In the first of these new Cantos the hero was left in the disguise of a female in the Turkish seraglio, and a lady was described with all the beauty of the author's pen, and with all the warmth of licentious poetry. This lady, whose name was Dudù, was called the "Sleepy Venus," and she was represented as taking the hero to bed, believing him to be a female—in the middle of the night all in the chamber were startled from their sleep, by hearing her scream, and on being questioned as to the cause of her scream, she related a dream in very equivocal terms, and that dream was given as an explanation of the cause of alarm. [Here the defendant quoted largely from the part referred to.] The poem, however, was not alone immoral, but contained principles of a most revolutionary tendency, and fully exhibited the author's principles of liberalism and licentiousness. He should quote in support of this assertion, the 126th stanza of the eighth Canto, which was in these words:—

"But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its King,
A subject of sublimest exultation—
Bear it, ye muses, on your brightest wing!
Howe'er the mighty locust—Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvets cling;
Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne,
Though Ireland starve, Great George weighs twenty stone."

(A general laugh).

No doubt could be entertained as to the meaning of this stanza—no person could for one moment deny that it intended to exhibit in the Throne and in the Members of the Government, a general contempt of the distresses of the people, and to raise a belief, that although the nation might feel the miserable effects of desolation and war, the head of the Government would care nothing for their distresses, but so long as he could revel in the delights of luxury, he would be careless of their woes and groans. He should now refer the Court to the 50th and 51st stanzas in the same Canto.

"But never mind; God save the King! and Kings!
For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—
I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger.
The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting—and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job.

"At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
Like David, flings smooth pepples 'gainst a giant;
At last it takes to weapons, such as men
Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.
Then 'comes the tug of war;'—'twill come again,
I rather doubt; and I would fain say 'fie on't,'
If I had not perceived that Revolution
Alone could save the Earth from Hell's pollution."

In these stanzas, the author seemed to look upon revolution as peculiarly beneficial to a nation; he appeared to view the principles of the French Revolution as forming the beau ideal of politics; and in his antipathy to Kings, he appealed to revolution as the only means to "save the Earth from Hell's pollution." The immoral and indecent tendency of the poem would be clearly seen, on a reference to the 128th and four following stanzas of the 8th Canto; where it was said, speaking of the behaviour of the Russian soldiers after the storming of Ismael,—

"In one thing ne'ertheles 'tis fit to praise
The Russian Army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration;
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste;—they ravished very little.

"Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipated nation,
Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,
Except cold weather and commiseration:
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

"Some odd mistakes, too, happened in the dark,
Which shewed a want of lanthorns or of taste,
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, where is a spark
Of light, to save the venerably chaste:—
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflowered by different grenadiers.

"But on the whole their continence was great;
So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate
To bear these crosses), for each wanning prude
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expence and the suspense of bedding.

"Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
Were also heard to wonder in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long caged),
'Wherefore the revishing did not begin!'
But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
In darkness. I can only hope they did."

He would ask any person present—he would put it to any father of a family, whether he would leave such a book on his table, where it might be open to the inspection of the females of his family? In order fully to show the revolutionary tendency of this poem, he should refer to some passages of the 8th Canto:

"He wrote this polar melody, and set it
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—
For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
Be said, that we still truckle unto thrones;—
But ye—our children's children! think how we
Showed *what things were* before the world was free."

If such writings were circulated, the demoralising principle would go on increasing, until at last we should behold a revolution as great, as awful, and as dangerous as the French Revolution, and which might like that end in a despotic usurpation of which the author of Don Juan might take advantage to raise himself to sovereign power, conscious of the superiority of his talents over those of the majority of his fellow-mortals. The publishers of these Cantos and those connected with them, pretended to be influenced by patriotism in the sentiments they professed, and they pretended that these sentiments were expressed in these Cantos; if they really thought so—if they positively believed them capable of producing public benefit, why did they not imitate their great prototype, Paine, who had thrown the publication of his works open to the public. If the Lord Chancellor had refused an injunction in the case of Mr. Lawrence on account of the materialism contained in his work—a work of the most abstruse nature, and possessed of no charms but to scientific men—surely his Honour would not grant an injunction in this case to protect a book where the pernicious principle of materialism was stripped of everything repulsive, and was glossed over and rendered charming by one who was undoubtedly the first, as he was the most immoral poet of the age.

Mr. WAKEFIELD, who appeared as Counsel on the other side, did not feel called on to make many observations on the statement which his Honour had just heard. The defendant had used very strong and very general expressions in the charges he had made against this Poem, and he had said that it contained immoral and licentious scenes. On this general statement he should not trouble the Court with any argument, as he conceived it would be evident to his Honour that no part had been read which justified such an assertion. If these Cantos were declared to be immoral, no song relating to love could be sung—no Play (especially no Comedy) could be performed; for it was notorious that they all contained such scenes, not only as warmly but even more warmly written than these verses. In this Poem, as in other books, a mind that was profligate and corrupt might find many passages to which it could affix meanings which a pure mind would never imagine. There were certainly in this book

great number of descriptions to which an immoral man might give a bad application, but it could not, on that account, be called a book calculated to produce a bad effect on society; for no book could be found in which an ingenious but immoral mind could not discover passages capable of being turned into equivocal, if not indecent meanings, and which would therefore be liable to the charge of having an immoral tendency. There was nothing which could not be distorted by those who were corrupt themselves; and in proof of this, if proof were necessary, he should refer to an old song, which was doubtless known to every person present, it was called "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." He should not repeat the words of that song, but he was certain that the same lewd mind which could say that the stanzas that had been read were immoral, would also declare that such a song ought never to be sung by any young lady in company, and the person who could convert those stanzas into indecency would do the same by that song. He had hitherto taken the rule to be that the Statute protected literary property generally; that whatever was not so protected formed the exception to that rule; and that a party was entitled to protection, unless the work in respect of which that protection was claimed was of a criminal nature---such at least was the principle laid down in the case of Lawrence *v.* Smith, Southey *v.* Sherwood, and Murray *v.* Benbow. Unless the Chancellor, if sitting as a Judge in a Criminal Court, could tell the Jury that the book was libellous, its author would be entitled to an injunction, as all books which were not criminal to that extent were the objects of protection by the statute. Another principle could also be collected from these cases, and that was, that if one mere isolated passage was of a bad tendency, or was alleged to be so by him who took the objection, it was not sufficient to deprive the author of that protection which the statute afforded, and which could only be denied when the whole scope of the work was bad. Such was the principle laid down is the cases of *Cain* and *Wat Tyler*. He did not think it necessary to vindicate some of the passages which had this day been cited to his Honour; indeed he wished it to be understood that he did not think in the same manner as the author of this Poem, but the question was not what were his opinions, but whether the work was opposed to the law of the land as being of a criminal nature. Except the passage which had been cited as to the Russian soldiers, and the old maids of Ismail, nothing of a bad tendancy had been read. The general object of the work was to show the evil consequences of an improper indulgence of bad passions. [Here Mr. Wakefield went through the story of *Don Juan*.] He should read the dispatch forwarded to the Russian Empress by the General Suwarrow, announcing that victory; he must say that every person having regard to the honour of God and religion, must participate in the feeling expressed by the noble author. In the storming of that unhappy city, above 40,000 persons of all sexes and ages were unsparingly massacred, and the General sent a dispatch to his Empress, couched in barbarous rhyme, which literally translated, ran thus, "Glory to God and the Empress---Ismail's our's." The author turned the dispatch into a couplet, in which was contained his opinion of its impiety. The couplet was in these words---

"'Glory to God and to the Empress' (Powers
Eternal! such names mingled!) Ismail's our's.'"

As to the passage relating to the present King, he could only say, that he thought it in bad taste, but it could not be contended, that it was liable to condemnation in a Criminal Court as libellous. If it could not be so condemned, it was entitled to the protection of the Court, which could only refuse its interference to works which were deemed libellous in a Court of Law.

The Vice-Chancellor asked, if Mr. Wakefield had known of any cases of this kind in a Court of Law? and being answered in the negative, he said, "The Court of Equity only grants a remedy by injunction, to make the imperfect remedy at law complete. We must, therefore, look to the cases, to see on what principle the law has never refused damages to plaintiffs, except the books were criminally libellous. Are you justified by the authorities in making such a statement, Mr. Wakefield? If you have any authorities on that point, I should be glad to hear them."

Mr. Wakefield admitted, that the proposition was of the utmost importance. A case of a nature such as to afford a complete answer to his Honour's question, could never occur until a book which was declared to be free from libellous matter in a Court of Law, was yet deemed unworthy of the protection of a Court of Equity.

The Vice-Chancellor—But cases have occurred, where damages have been refused?

Mr. Wakefield believed that in the case of Southey *v.* Sherwood, the Lord Chancellor had referred to a case of that kind, in which Dr. Priestley had brought an action against the Hundred by a fire occasioned by a mob, and the Court there held, that as the books were of a seditious nature, damages could not be given. But nothing was there said as to a criminal indictment against those works.

The Vice-Chancellor—Perhaps I might refuse this injunction on the principle of law, without reference to the work itself. I am not capable of dealing with this case as I should wish, for my mind has not been employed on such subjects, and I know very little of the matter. Although the Court of Law may not refuse damages, it does not necessarily follow that this Court would afterwards interfere to protect a work which has gained a verdict at law. A work may not be in its nature the subject of an indictment for libel, and yet it may be of so flippant a nature as not to deserve the protection of the Court. Some time since, my mind was keenly applied to a case of this kind. That was a motion for an injunction to restrain the defendant from the publication of a song which had been sung at Drury-lane or at Vauxhall, and on that occasion I thought I could not with a proper regard to public decency grant the injunction. I will give this case my best consideration, but I think the first question is, whether the Court of Equity would not in a case of doubt send the parties to a Court of Law, to try the question of injury to public decency, without pledging itself to interfere afterwards by the exercise of its extraordinary jurisdiction.—This case is deserving of the gravest deliberation, as it respects the decision of a most important principle. I shall take the liberty of speaking to the Lord Chancellor as to the principles on which he has acted, and I will mention this again.

Mr. Wakefield asked for the continuation of the injunction in the interim.

The Defendant opposed this application.

The Vice-Chancellor—In the case of a patent, the parties are always obliged to try the merits of the case at law, before the Court of Equity will interfere, and in the mean time the party selling the thing which has been the subject of a contested patent has been directed to keep an account of the profits.

Mr. Wakefield suggested that by such a course the whole object of the injunction would be defeated.

The Defendant said, the Court, by continuing the injunction, would be injuring him by preventing the sale of the copies now on his hands.

Mr. Wakefield said, that the application of the defendant amounted to this: he first declared a work immoral and seditious, and then he applied to the Court to be permitted to sell the work, because it deserved such a character. The Learned Counsel observed, that he had not used this argument in the case, because he wished to meet it fairly; but he thought the last individual entitled to the protection of the Court was that person who could invade another's property, and then justify himself in such a manner.

The Vice-Chancellor—That remark is very true, but the question is whether he has not such a right as he now claims. In *ex-parte* applications for injunctions all the plaintiff has to do is to shew that he is the author, and that a piracy of his work has been committed, and the Court cannot judge of the nature of the work till such a motion as the present is made to dissolve the injunction thus obtained. I am disposed to think that a Court of Equity has no original jurisdiction on these subjects, but is merely appealed to for the purpose of rendering the legal remedy complete. I think the proper course to pursue will be to send this case to a Court of Law, and then, although equity is not necessarily bound to follow law, yet it will be materially assisted by it in becoming acquainted with the nature of the work. However, I will consider this cause, which I think of the greatest importance.

Saturday, August 9.

Mr. Wakefield said, that in this case he had looked into the various authorities, as the Court had desired, and he found the four following cases in which actions had been tried at common law for damages,—namely, Gale *v.* Hetty, De Bois *v.* Beresford, Forbes *v.* Jones, and Hine *v.* Gale.

The Vice-Chancellor—As this was the last opportunity he had of speaking to this case (in consequence of the vacation) he wished to decide it at once. The case turned upon this plain principle, that in the protection of literary property, a Court of Equity followed the practice of a Court of Law. There were of course exceptions to this general rule, but whenever a Court of Law would grant reparation in damages to an author for the piracy of his work, there, as a general principle, the Court of Equity would grant the more perfect remedy of an injunction to restrain further injury. Where a Court of Law refused reparation by damages, in such a case it necessarily followed that a Court of Equity would refuse its injunction. The principles on which Courts of Law had hitherto proceeded, had never been solemnly decided by the joint opinion of the Judges, being merely *nisi prius* decisions, and carrying only the individual opinion of the Learned Judge who happened to preside. The safe course in this instance therefore would be, the work in question being challenged as of a character which would not receive protection in a

MR. J. JOHNSON'S CASE.

[*See our last week's Chancery Report.*]

Mr. Editor,—Your notice of my case in Chancery, in last Sunday's Examiner, induces me to forward you Mr Shadwell's *decision*, and that of the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Shadwell's *decision* runs thus:—"Let the Consignees, *after payment of the current expences* of the said estate and plantations, pay to the said John Johnson, out of the first monies that shall come to their hands as Consignees of the said estate, the said sum mentioned in the *Master's Report*, &c."

This was placing me entirely at the mercy of the Consignees—and perhaps after *waiting years* in expectation of payment (had I accepted of this decision of Mr. Shadwell's) and obliged at length to apply to the Court, no record of such a proceeding would be found.

The Lord Chancellor's decision is, "That Mr. Johnson is entitled to be paid by the Consignees out of the proceeds of the Estates *with a preference* to any balance due to them on account as Consignees or otherwise, and order the said sum to be *accordingly forthwith paid to him*," &c.

So much for Mr. Shadwell's preconception of what his lordship's decision would be, and for his assurance that I should *get nothing better!*

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

Grafton-street, 5th July, 1823. J. Johnson.

Court of Law, that he should direct the plaintiff to proceed against the defendant by a trial at law, and that the injunction should be dissolved on the terms that Dugdale should keep an account in the mean time, and his Honour sincerely hoped that Lord Byron *would* bring his action; and if he succeeded in recovering damages against this person, he did think it followed that then his Lordship would be entitled to the protection of this Court by Injunction.

Mr. WAKEFIELD mentioned the poverty of Dugdale as a reason for not bringing the action.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR adhered to his decision.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

HEREFORD, JULY 31.—THE KING *v.* BEVAN.—This was a criminal information filed against the defendant for certain oppressions in his office of a Magistrate for the County of Hereford.—Mr. Austin was the occupier of a mill at Kingston, and had set men to work to clean out the mill-course. The defendant ordered the men to desist, and as they still kept on, he ordered a constable named Meredith to carry one of the men named Probert to the round-house. Probert clung to a pole, but was overpowered, and locked up in the round-house, but not before his master had offered bail. This the defendant refused, on an excuse that had no foundation—the excuse being that he did not know Mr. Austin, who had in fact been for years his next door neighbour, and was known to be a most respectable man. Probert was carried to a dungeon without windows, and then locked up, his clothes being saturated with wet; here he was confined for five or six hours, during which time an application was made for him to be liberated; but the defendant said, he should be kept there all night, and in the morning he should march him off to Hereford gaol; however at night he was let out at the intercession of his mother. On the next day the prisoner appeared at the petty sessions, when the defendant said, he had proceeded on what is called the trespass act; but upon that act the proceedings taken would have been quite different from what were taken; indeed the other Magistrates present said that the defendant had misconstrued the act, and they said that if he further detained Probert, he should do it alone, and they left the room. However, Mr. Bevan gave orders to the constable to retake Probert, and refused responsible bail, and Probert was kept in custody for two hours, till one of the overseers persuaded Mr. Bevan to let him out. Here ended the proceedings against Probert, for Mr. Bevan never thought fit to proceed against him in any legal shape. On another day a man named Bolton was at work there, and the defendant directed him to be taken to the round-house also. Evidence was given to prove the case as stated.—Mr. JERVIS said he should not trouble the Jury with topics of mitigation, which would be more properly addressed to the Court of King's Bench.—The Learned Judge observed that the defendant had thought it right to make no defence, and he felt no difficulty in saying that the charge was proved. Verdict—*Guilty*.

NORWICH, AUG. 1.—HORNE *v.* MILLER.—This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Susanna Horne against James Miller. The plaintiff was the daughter of a widow who had six children.—Several witnesses having been called, who gave some curious accounts of the lady, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE told the Jury the first question for their consideration was, whether they believed the testimony of the witness who spoke to the conversation in the chaise, which, if true, no doubt, amounted to a promise of marriage. Supposing that a good promise of marriage, another question was, whether that promise was afterwards made void by the improper conduct of the plaintiff, if the witnesses who spoke to that conduct were to be believed. There was no doubt but a woman, if she surrendered her person after a promise of marriage from another, released this latter from all obligation by such conduct, for no man was obliged to take a harlot to his wife. His Lordship then recapitulated the evidence and commented on it.—The Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 40*s*.

MAIDSTONE, AUG. 2.—BOURNE *v.* FISHER.—This was an action to recover a compensation in damages for a breach of promise of marriage.—The plaintiff was a young lady, between 23 and 24, the daughter of a respectable family living at Snargate, in Romney Marsh; and the defendant, about the same age, was a linen draper at Greenwich. About three years since, courtship commenced, and both families contemplated a matrimonial alliance. After the courtship had continued for about twelve months, the defendant set up business at Greenwich, and also established himself at Hammersmith. His numerous letters to the plaintiff contained a most explicit promise of marriage. In May, 1822, the plaintiff paid the defendant a visit at Greenwich. She was introduced to some female relatives of the defendant. After a stay of three weeks she returned home. From this time the defendant's correspondence assumed a different tone, and at length it became obvious that he was desirous of withdrawing himself from the fulfilment of his promises. The plaintiff's father called upon him for an explanation. This produced from the defendant three letters, one to the father, another to the attorney, and a third to the plaintiff herself. In the first two he expressed his inability to fulfil his engagements, from the embarrassed state of his circumstances; tried to dissuade the father from proceeding in his action, and threatened that, if he did, he would adopt such measures as would defeat any verdict for damages which might be obtained—namely, by executing to some other person a bill of sale of all the property of which he was possessed. The letter to the plaintiff was in the following terms:—

Greenwich, May 1, 1823.

MADAM,—As I find you still pursue the measures which must ultimately be your ruin, I thought it my duty partly to gard you against, as I should be sorry to injure your reputation by disclosing our intercourse, which you are driving me to do much against my will. You must be aware an exposure of the whole affair must take place, and I have too witnesses at my house that will be quite sofitient to prove the fact. I I have all redy been obliged to state the whole affair to my Solicitor, and if you think you have grounds sofitient for your action, I have no desire to prevent you in it in this manner. If you do not think propper to put a stop to the prosceedings, my Solicitor has written for Mr. Dellaaau to com to Greenwich, then the whole will be exposed, your living with me at Greenwich for three weeks will be quite sofitient to set aside the damages. You are aware that I would be the last person to inger you or your family's reputation, or even forsaken you, if your helth had have been such as to have made me a fit wife. I shoed recommend you to advise your father to put a stop to the prosceedings, but you can youse youre own pleasure, I am not the least afraid to meet it. It will unfold to your friends what at present lays seecret in our own brests, and if it is withdrawn I shall never inger your caractor you may be ashured. If you write an answer to this I will take care that the thing shall not be explained to Mr. D. and return the whole of my letter before he comes to Greenwich, which will not admit of delay.

I remain yours in waiting, E. FISHER.

Frederick Dixon deposed, that he had been in partnership with the defendant from December, 1821, until last Tuesday, when they dissolved partnership. Witness remembered the plaintiff coming to visit the defendant last year. During the visit she slept up one pair of stairs. After the business of the day was over the defendant used to visit the plaintiff in her bed-room, and stop there for more than an hour. In one instance he stayed with her till break of day.—Mr. Baron GRAHAM said the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict. The plaintiff had undoubtedly sustained very serious injury; and in his Lordship's view of the case, the fact of the plaintiff having submitted to the influence which the defendant might have had over her affections and weakness in the manner alluded to, ought not to be received as a circumstance of mitigation.—The Jury deliberated a few minutes, and found their verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 250*l*. observing that if the defendant's circumstances had been better, the damages would have been 500*l*.

AUGUST 5.—*Thomas Hamilton*, a midshipman, of his Majesty's ship *Ramillies*, employed in the smuggling preventive service, was indicted for the wilful murder of James Conley.—Thomas Taylor, a labourer, examined—On the night of the 11th of June, about 11 o'clock, witness with other persons, were lying on the ground, near Mr. Dray's rails, at Limme, in the parish of Dimchurch. There were sixteen of them in the whole. The deceased was one of the party. Two persons came up to them. One of them said, "Hollo! what are you after here?" They were armed with muskets. The night was starlight. Four or five of the party immediately ran away. Witness's party were not armed. One of the two men levelled his piece and fired after those who ran away. The person who fired was the prisoner. The deceased amongst the rest ran away. None of witness's party made any resistance whatever. Other labourers and smugglers gave a similar account, and described the death of the deceased, who fell directly the prisoner's musket went off, and died before the prisoner and others could convey him to a cottage.—In his defence, *Mr. Hamilton* put in a written narrative, from which it appeared, that he had surprised a party of forty or fifty smugglers in a suspicious place on the night in question, some of them armed with muskets; that on calling to them to say who they were, some ran away, and others threatened vengeance; that on his pursuing, they fired several times at himself and his man; that he became entangled among the palisades of the place, and slipping in getting over one, his gun went off accidentally; that soon afterwards there was a cry of a man being shot, and he found deceased on the ground wounded. Mr. Hamilton in conclusion submitted, that even if he had fired at the smugglers, his own extreme danger, and their illegal conduct, would have justified him; but that, as it was, his firing was entirely accidental. Everett, the man who accompanied the prisoner, corroborated this account; and evidence was produced of the shots fired by the smugglers. The Counsel for the prosecution gave up the case, and the prisoner was of course *acquitted*.

BRIDGEWATER, AUG. 5.—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—EDGEHILL *v.* HAYNE.—The plaintiff was the daughter of a publican in Glastonbury; the defendant a farmer of considerable property. The plaintiff was now in her 27th year; the defendant was about 30. Ten years ago the parties first became acquainted, and the defendant, a man of some accomplishments, won the affections of the plaintiff. In the beginning of the intimacy the plaintiff's mother fell ill, and finding the approach of death, sent for the defendant, and stated to him her anxious fears for her daughter. On that solemn occasion the defendant gave his assurances that he would make the plaintiff his wife. Shortly after he broke off his acquaintance. Miss Edgehill then received the address of a person named Wood, from Bristol, and the arrangements for a marriage were agreed upon. The defendant, however, then renewed his visits, and reiterated his promises to make the plaintiff his wife; but to that hour he had not thought proper to perform his promise, although the unfortunate young woman had proved pregnant by him. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 500*l*.

It appeared, from the father's evidence, that the defendant was an old offender in this way; the father on one occasion entreated him not to serve his daughter "as he had served so many others before."

County of Down, July 28.—*Patrick M'Cann*, otherwise *Barnard M'Cann*, otherwise *James Hughes*, was indicted for the murder of Owen M'Adam, near Lisburn, on the 26th of July, 1813; although ten years had elapsed, and he had left that part of the country, and prospered under another name as a butcher, in Galway, he was accidentally recognised, and convicted of the murder at this assizes. M'Adam was a horse-dealer, with whom the prisoner had been drinking on the day on which the former lost his life; and, tempted by the money in his possession, he murdered him. The evidence was circumstantial, but conclusive. The horse and watch of the deceased were traced to the hands of the prisoner. The culprit had in the interim married a respectable wife in Galway, and maintained an unexceptionable character, and a family of five children. His behaviour, previous to conviction, exhibited extreme levity. He stated, with a strong tone of voice, that he did not care a farthing for the sentence, as he should die innocent. He, however, acknowledged to the Sheriff, on Wednesday night, that he had been at the murder. On Thursday he appeared on the scaffold, and after addressing the assembled multitude, stating that he was about to suffer justly, and that quarrelling had brought him to his untimely end, he knelt down in prayer with the Catholic clergyman. After ten or twelve minutes he pulled the cap over his face with apparent self-possession. The drop fell, when, from his great weight, the rope broke, and the wretch fell upwards of twenty feet, upon the ground, on his feet, and was thought dead. The soldiers carried him inside the gaol gate, in a few minutes he sat upright upon his own coffin, and asked for a draught of water. After nearly an hour and a half, he walked to the platform; knelt down with the clergyman with apparent firmness; and appeared more afraid of a second fall than of his approaching dissolution. He was then launched into eternity.

Tipperary, July 31.—Irish Magisterial Despotism.—Lawrence v. Dempster.—The defendant is a Magistrate, residing at Nenagh. Mr. Flinn, the barrack-master, having occasion to leave home last summer, appointed plaintiff to act in his place. Defendant, thinking it would be a good opportunity to get grass for his horse in the barrack field, applied to plaintiff for the key, which he refused to give. Defendant seeing plaintiff in the street on the 13th of June, 1822, called to the police, desired plaintiff to be taken to the Bridewell, and wrote the following order:—

"Receive the body of Thomas Lawrence, as idle and disorderly.

"James Dempster."

He also committed a female servant of Mr. Flinn, who had likewise refused him the key; and he had her person searched, and forcibly took the key from her. This same Magistrate (observed the Counsel for the plaintiff) had on a former occasion committed a respectable attorney, practising in Nenagh, to the Bridewell, as idle and disorderly! For the defence, a police-man was called, who deposed, that plaintiff abused the defendant, and *seemed* as if going to strike him.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 75*l*. This is the *third* action tried at these assizes against Magistrates for oppressive conduct.

POLICE.

HATTON-GARDEN.

Popular indignation was most strongly excited at this office, against a middle-aged man of respectable appearance, of the name of *Shepherd Wolfe*, a tailor, residing at 14, Baynam-street, Camden-town, who was charged with indecencies of a nature too revolting to admit of description, upon the persons of five children, the eldest of whom was only eight years old, and the youngest not five years old. The children, who were present, attended by their parents, gave evidence nearly similar in each case, and which left no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner. It appeared that he had enticed them into his house by presents of fruit, cakes, &c.—The officer stated, that the conduct of this fellow had become of late quite notorious in the neighbourhood of his residence.—The Magistrates expressed themselves fully satisfied with the evidence given, and ordered his committal to Clerkenwell prison, for the misdemeanour, till he could give bail for his appearance to answer the charge at the sessions, himself in 40*l*., two sureties in 20*l*. each, and to give 12 hours' notice of bail.—On his removal from the office to be locked up, he would have met with summary punishment from the crowd collected, but for the protection of the officers.

WORSHIP-STREET.

On Monday *Samuel Hoskinson*, *Joseph Maxfield*, and *William Rowlinson*, three stout inland navigators, were charged with a rape under the following circumstances:—Elizabeth Clayton, a young and healthy-looking woman, stated that she came from Dublin, where she had lived servant for seven years and a half with Mrs. Gelston. Her husband, Mortimer Clayton, was a carpenter, and was somewhere in London; and anxious to see him, she set out for that purpose. Having arrived at Liverpool, she protracted her journey on foot for three days, and came to a place called (as she thinks) Stone, situated on the canal, and there she paid 4*s*. for her conveyance to London. In this boat she travelled two days and two nights, and on Sunday morning, about two o'clock, they came in company with the prisoner Hoskinson's boat; and when they were about 18 miles from town, the Captain of the first boat told her he would come no further, but he would speak to Hoskinson, the Captain of the other boat. This was about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and presently she was informed it was arranged for her to go without paying any more money. The boats were then together in Cowley Lock, and her bundle was given to Maxfield, who handed the witness into the cabin, where she saw Hoskinson sitting on the side of the bed smoking. She sat down on a bench, and in about an hour the two other prisoners came in, and sat down on the same bench, which obliged her to sit up nearer to the bed. Hoskinson then said, "Come over and sit on the bed; no one shall harm you." The same moment he caught hold of and threw her on the bed. She struggled, and cried "murder" as loud as she could. She also called out, "Gentlemen, is there no one to save me?" "Father, what did you rear me for to be used so by these men?" "Good God Almighty deliver me from these men." Hoskinson observed, "Your father nor God can't save you this time until I have done with you." The poor woman had now struggled with him near a quarter of an hour, and was weak and also hoarse with shouting, when the other two prisoners laid hold of her, and assisted the monster in the commission of his vile purpose. No sooner had this fellow left her than she was seized by Rowlinson, and the only resource was to beg of Hoskinson to save her from the other. Hoskinson said something, and the other desisted; and she went out, and got to the other end of the boat, where there were a man and woman passengers. She told them what had passed, and begged to stay there; but the man told her he would throw her overboard, if she did not get out of that place. She returned to the top, and sat till she was wet, and then went towards the cabin, where the Captain was stirring. He told her to go warm herself by the fire, and that no one should hurt her any more. She would not, but asked how far they were from the city; and he said about three miles. She was afraid of him, and therefore spoke to him; he asked if, when the boat came to the tunnel, she would go with him to a stable and pass for his wife; she said she would not; she would rather throw herself into the canal; he said, "I'll be d—d if I will; but you may if you like, after I have done with you again;" she said she would go down on her two knees to him, if he would let her alone; he then caught hold of her, and she cried out, "O my God, you are not going to kill me again;" she resisted, but he pushed her down with her head almost in the water, and accomplished his purpose. This was about 11 o'clock at night. Soon afterwards they came to a bridge at Paddington, where she got down from the boat, and the Captain jumped after her, and attempted to misdirect her; but she was called back by a watchman, who overheard; and to him she instantly told what had happened. The watchman took her to the watch-house, and in the morning he went with her to the boats at Paddington, but there they did not find the prisoners; she then took the stage to the basin in the City-road, and before she got off the coach, she saw the prisoner Rowlinson. She soon afterwards got a constable, and took the three prisoners, whose boat was at Snell and Robins's wharf. Out of her bundle they had taken a shawl, a pair of stockings, a shift, and a handkerchief; and Hanley, the officer, on search, found the shawl in the boat.—John Hill, a young man who drove the horse, stated, that he never heard any one cry out.—The prisoners were remanded.—The poor woman cannot find her husband, and has no other friend in London.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A circumstance occurred in Hereford on Thursday week, which excited a very general sensation throughout the place, and shews upon what a frail tenure we hold our mortal existence. The Rev. Mr. Hopkins, late curate of Byford, in this county, was to have married a Mrs. ———, a widow, at the cathedral church of this city. The parties attended at the customary hour, and proceeded to the altar. The solemn service commenced, and was proceeded in, till the bridegroom took the ring out of his pocket to place it on the finger of his bride; but just at the moment when she extended her hand to receive the token of their union, he suddenly fell back, and after a fit of convulsions, which lasted but a moment, he lay on the ground a corpse! To attempt to describe the alarm which prevailed would be only to fail. The half-wedded bride was conveyed home in a state of grief that is not to be expressed, and the body of the bridegroom was carried on a bier to a neighbouring tavern (the Red Lion) where an inquest was held the same night, by the Coroner; and the Jury returned a verdict of—"Died by the visitation of God." It is an extraordinary fact that the late husband of the intended bride dropped down dead.

Mrs. Bellamy, of John-street, Bedford-row, gave information at the Hatton-garden police on Monday, that on the preceding day, whilst attending divine service at the Caledonian chapel, her pocket was picked of her purse, containing several sovereigns and a quantity of silver, as she suspects, by a well-dressed female who sat near her.

On Monday morning last, a man of the name of Thomas Hay, weaver, in King-street, Leith, invited a Mr. Moffat, joiner there, to his house, in order (as the former pretended) to communicate with him about the purchase of some property. Hay asked his friend to walk to Edinburgh with him, and to be the bearer of 200*l*., at the same time requesting a receipt for the amount, which was granted. He then retired to another apartment, under pretence of bringing the money, when, on his return, he appeared, to the astonishment and horror of his friend, with a large cook's knife in his hand, with which he made a desperate blow at Mr. Moffat's breast. Fortunately he parried it with his left arm, which was, however, severely lacerated, and struck Hay a blow, in order to retreat more effectually towards the door, which he found locked, but the key in it. He got it open before Hay recovered from the blow, and gave an alarm, when Hay was secured, and conveyed to the Police Office.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

INQUEST ON ELIZA ASTHONY.—An inquest to inquire into the death of *Eliza Anthony*, took place on Saturday week at the King's Arms, Chelsea, when Mr. Jeffreys deposed, that he opened the body of the deceased with Mr. Harding. He was of opinion that the blackness and swelling of the face and head was the consequence of external violence committed previous to the death of the deceased. There were no other marks of violence on the body that he could discover. Had doubt on his mind that she died of suffocation.—Mr. Harding also thought the marks on the face were caused by contusion previous to death.—The deceased was pregnant, between the fifth and sixth month.—Mr. Gaskell said that he found appearances similar to what had been described; but he saw no reason for believing that external violence had been applied. He examined the head very particularly, but found no indication of extravasation of blood. He considered the blackness of the face was such as would be found under any circumstances of drowning, after having been so long in the water. —George Salloway, deposed, that he plyed at Vauxhall-bridge. Left his boat at Westminster-bridge at 11 o'clock on Friday night. When he came at a quarter before 7 next morning, he missed his boat, and found she was fast to another boat about 150 yards from where he had left her, higher up the river. In the boat he saw a bonnet, with pink ribbands. The boat was in a very dirty condition, as if two persons had been struggling in it. The paint was scratched very much. The bonnet had not been wetted. There was no mark of blood. At one o'clock it was impossible for any person going out of witness's boat to have been drowned, unless they shoved her into deep water.—John Ray, watchman to the Speaker, stated that on the morning of Saturday, between one and two o'clock, he heard "Murder" cried out two or three different times. The voice seemed to proceed from the boats near the bridge. When he looked he could see a person in a boat; this person was paddling about with a scull or an oar. After witness heard the cry of "Murder" three or four times, the same voice cried out "Eliza, Eliza, my dear!" It was a man's voice. Witness was about three hundred yards off. After that there was a cry of "Help, help!" several times—the same voice. Witness was locked in, and could not go to the person. He did not like to make an alarm to disturb the Speaker.—Frances Hopkins lodged with Mrs. Bell, No. 137, Jermyn-street. Witness and Mrs. Bell had been asleep when they were awakened by the ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bell went down and let Dyson in. He stayed but a few minutes. He was quite dry at that time. About two o'clock the bell rang again, and Mrs. Bell went down, and came up to the room again with Dyson, who seemed very unhappy. When witness got up, she saw Dyson's clothes were wet. He kept saying "Poor Eliza! my poor Eliza!" and when Mrs. Bell asked him to change his clothes, he said it did not matter whether he changed them or not.—William Williams said, the deceased lodged at No. 12, in Sherrard-street, which belongs to witness. Mr. Dyson introduced deceased there as his wife. They were both extremely well-behaved people, and he believed very honest. On Saturday evening, about half-past eight, Dyson called, and said Eliza was drowned at Westminster-bridge. He gave a very confused account, saying he could not get her out, for there were no oars in the boat, but only some bits of stick, with which he paddled, and called out "help, and murder!" Eliza appeared not at all depressed in spirits when she went away.—Mr. J. Wood, of the Union Tavern, Air-street, said, the deceased lived with him as bar-maid about five years. The latter part of the time Dyson was in witness's employ as waiter. On the day of Dyson's quitting witness's service, Mrs. Bell, the deceased, and Dyson met together in Marylebone-street, and the deceased ran to witness's house; Mrs. Bell followed her, and, in a great rage, called her all manner of bad names, and said Dyson was her lawful husband, and that the deceased was keeping him away from her. Dyson took his hat, and they all three went away together.—Mrs. Bell said she was a single woman, living at No. 137, Jermyn-street. She knows William Briton Dyson; had known him four years. They had cohabited together, but not for some time past. They lived very comfortably together, till he met with the deceased, and she believed that to have been the cause of their disagreement. The deceased had called on witness; she believed it was by the desire of Dyson that she should call and sit with witness, and she did so. Dyson explained to witness the nature of his connexion with deceased, and begged that if she came, witness would not say anything to hurt her feelings. She therefore allowed her to sit with her, and although they were not very friendly together, they did not quarrel on that occasion. Meeting the deceased in the street, she quarrelled with her, but never threatened her. Witness afterwards went to see them, and they complained of being greatly distressed, and having nothing to subsist on but what they could raise by pawning their clothes. Witness then gave them half-a-crown, and continued to visit them, seldom missing a day. He spoke in a very confused manner respecting the catastrophe on Friday night.—William Briton Dyson was then brought in. He stared wildly round the room as he entered, and on seating himself in the witness's chair, turned his eyes gradually on each of the persons sitting round him.—The Coroner said to him, "It is my duty to advise you, that you are not obliged to say anything unless you think proper, nor to answer any questions you may think fit to decline, or which you may suppose have a tendency to criminate yourself."—The Prisoner said, "Gentlemen, I am perfectly at your pleasure to answer any questions you may think proper to put. Knowing myself innocent, and relying on my own conscience, I leave myself entirely to the mercy of God and my country." He then stated as follows:—I am a waiter. The deceased and myself cohabited together, though we were not married. I have also cohabited with Mrs. Bell. We were all three together on Friday week. The deceased and I were to quit our lodgings that day. I left the house with Eliza that evening, and proceeded by her desire to the Haymarket theatre. When the performance was over, we went to Jermyn-street. I stopped and rang the bell at Mrs. Bell's lodging, as she had made me promise that I would see her again that night. She asked me where the unfortunate young woman that is drowned was, as she had appointed to sleep there that night. I had requested Eliza to do so, but could not prevail on her. I then left Jermyn-street with Eliza, and we walked to Westminster-bridge. We went down the left hand side of the bridge, and stood there a short time talking and then walked under the arch to the other side. She then got into a boat, and I followed her. We were sometime in the boat talking to each other; I then was standing on one side of the boat, she, I believe, was leaning on me, to the best of my recollection. I suddenly found myself in the water; I struggled to see whether she was in the water, but I could not see her. I never could swim. By struggling towards what I supposed to be the young woman, I found it was the boat, and got in. Looking round, and not finding the young woman there, I supposed she had fallen in. I called several times—"Help, help!" and "Murder, murder!" several times; and "Help!" again. I then listened, but did not hear any thing in the water; but I presently saw something above the water that I supposed to be the young woman. I then cried "Eliza, my dear!" (Here the prisoner became greatly agitated, and his utterance for some seconds was completely choaked; a convulsive sob relieved him, and he then proceeded.) And I tried to push the boat to get towards her with one of the things they use to row the boat with, but my strength from agitation was not sufficient, I could not get the boat as I wished it to go. She had disappeared again below the water, and then I saw her again a second time. I could not get near her with the boat, and she appeared to sink under the water directly. I dropped down the piece of wood I had in my hand, and prayed to God to save her life. (Here the agitation of the prisoner became extreme. He rose from his seat, and stretching out his hands, stared wildly round, gasping for breath. Some water having been given to him, he resumed.) I was then some time in that manner, and could not get the boat to the side of the water to get out of it. When I got out of the boat, I came up the stairs as far as the end of the bridge. I saw a man, apparently intoxicated, and a dirty looking woman or girl. I looked at him, and seeing he appeared in liquor, I did not inform him what had happened, but went to where Mrs. Bell lodged. I was some short time waiting for her to answer the bell, during which time a person came and unlocked the door. I then went up stairs, and met Mrs. Bell on the stairs coming to answer the door. I told her poor Eliza was no more, and begged her to go to her mother. On second recollection I thought she could not get to her mother at that time of the morning. Later in the morning she went, and I remained till she came back. Some little time after she came back; it was time for the young person who slept with Mrs. Bell to get up; and I went outside the room door for the young person to dress herself. When I came in, Mrs. Bell requested me to take off my wet clothes, and put on some dry. I asked her if she supposed, after what had happened, that dry clothes could be of any comfort to me? By her still persuading me, I pulled off my wet clothes, and put on a dry shirt and got into bed. I there remained some time in bed, during which Mrs. Bell went out. I then got up and dressed myself, and went to Mr. Williams's, where we had lodged, and then went back, and about nine o'clock the mother, with this gentleman (Weale the officer) came and took me into custody. In answer to a question from a Juryman; which he was cautioned not to answer unless he chose, he said that they had both resolved to make away with themselves. "I wanted to deter her from it but was determined to do it myself, as I was out of employ, and had neither money nor means to procure any to support us. I wrote on a piece of paper, to put into my pocket, that I intended to drown myself, and left it, by accident, on the table. She got it and read it; and by that means she found I was determined to make away with myself, and she took the same resolution, and would not be turned from it."—After being closeted for about an hour and a half, the Jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against William Briton Dyson."—The verdict was instantly announced to the prisoner, who replied in a firmer tone than he had hitherto spoken in, "Now I am quite content."—The Coroner issued his warrant of commitment, and the prisoner was taken back to Tothill-fields prison. The prisoner has been sunk in the lowest state of despondency, and has been kept handcuffed, to prevent self-destruction, which he has several times attempted.

On Monday afternoon, an immense concourse of persons assembled on the shore at Chelsea-reach, to witness a grand rowing-match. Several small guns loaded with pebbles were placed on the beach, to be fired as a signal for starting; and when the competitors came in, two men, named Saunders and Sisson, were appointed to attend them. When the men were coming into the Adam and Eve to decide the first heat, Sisson applied the hot poker to the first gun, and it went off; on coming to the second the prime was out of order, and the gun missed fire: a multitude of persons came and stood round whilst the defect was remedied, upon which the other man, Saunders, fired the third amongst the people, who ran in all directions, and shocking to relate, the whole of the contents entered the right hip of Sisson. The poor fellow fell insensible to the ground, bleeding dreadfully. Saunders was instantly carried to the cage. The wounded man was assisted to the house of Mr. Smith, who dressed the wound, and the poor fellow was carried to St. George's Hospital in a very dangerous state.

On Sunday morning, a frightful accident occurred at Islington, nearly opposite the Peacock-inn. A watch-finisher, of the name of James Swindell, residing in Brackley-street, Golden-lane, was passing along the right side of the carriage-way towards the turnpike, as a groom on horseback, with two horses following haltered one behind the other, came up, when the hinder horse, apparently half-blood, suddenly turned round and flung at him, both the hind feet coming between the unfortunate man's shoulders. The force of the kick dashed him on his face against the curb-stone with such dreadful violence as to crush in both his jaws and carry away all his teeth. In this deplorable condition, literally bathed in gore, he attempted to rise, but fell again, merely exclaiming "O God!" A gentleman immediately followed the groom and took his address; the unhappy sufferer being conveyed to Mr. Spencer's, a surgeon, St. John-street-road, who paid him the most humane attention, and rendered every possible assistance, and thence he was conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. We understand Mr. Swindell has a wife and three children. He is not expected to survive.

At half-past nine o'clock on Monday night a fire broke out at the Castle Tavern, New Brentford, which in a short time was totally destroyed, together with all the out-houses adjoining. Happily the family and the whole of the inmates were soon removed, together with the horses, carriages, &c.; but the whole of the stock of Mr. Forbes, the landlord, was totally destroyed, together with that of the servants. The accident, we understand, occurred through the negligence of a servant-girl, who, while putting the children to bed, carelessly placed the candle too near the bed-curtains. None of the property was insured.

An inquest was held on Monday at the George Inn, Ryslip, near Uxbridge, on the body of a young man named *William Aldridge*, who was murdered by his brother, George Aldridge, on Wednesday week.—Mr. Slade, surgeon, was called on Wednesday evening, he found the deceased lying on a bed with a greater part of the intestines protruding; he found a portion of the intestinal canal twice completely divided. The external wound extended seven inches, and must have been inflicted by some sharp cutting instrument. Deceased died on Friday by the inflammation and mortification of the wound.—John Arters said, the deceased and witness were mowing. Deceased's brother, George Aldridge, was also mowing. The first word that took place was by George saying to his brother, "You told master we could not mow no more than an old woman, and you know that I can mow your legs off." His brother (the deceased) said, "You cannot mow, nor keep up in company." George Aldridge aimed a blow at the deceased two or three times with the scythe, which struck him in the side; deceased said, "You have ruined me for ever," and instantly dropped his scythe and came away, walking to this house with his entrails partly out; the brother still kept mowing the ground until he finished it, but in his passion he chopped his scythe into a tree.—George Baker stated that on Wednesday he was informed that murder had been committed. He hastened to the spot, and found the brother, George Aldridge apparently in a state of derangement, and was cutting at the grass, not like mowing. Witness asked him what he had done to his brother, for that he was like to cause his death; when George Aldridge replied, "D—n you, I'll serve you the same." George Aldridge was then taken into custody.—The Jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against George Aldridge."

Fatal Explosion.—On Monday last, a dreadful accident happened at a button manufactory of Messrs. Wilson and Storkey, Birmingham, by an explosion of gunpowder. Mr. Wilson was literally blown to atoms, and a young woman employed in the warehouse, was also killed upon the spot; four workwomen were dreadfully wounded; one died afterwards; the others still linger. Mr. Wilson was a single man, about 21 years of age. His brother, about four months since, hung himself.

Death by Burning.—On Tuesday evening, the neighbourhood of Petticoat-lane was thrown into considerable alarm by volumes of smoke bursting through the windows of an apartment on the second floor of a house in Mulberry-court, occupied by a blind woman named Swabey, upwards of 70 years of age. The door was broken open, where the poor old occupant was found crawling on the floor, all but dead, her apparel reduced to a cinder, as was almost every article of furniture, and the room much damaged. The poor woman was taken, insensible, to the London Hospital, where she died on Wednesday morning.

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BIRTH.

On the 4th inst. at Yoles Court, the Viscountess Torrington, of two sons.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd inst. at Battersea, Mr. Jas. Phillips, of King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street, to Mary Frances Jane, only child of B. J. Broad, Esq. of Battersea-fields.

On the 4th inst. John Vaughan, Esq. Sergeant-at-law, to the Right Hon. Louisa Baroness St. John, mother of the present Lord.

On Monday, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, the Rev. John Hewlett, B.D. Rector of Hilgay, Norfolk, and Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital, to Caroline, third daughter of the late Richard Price, Esq. of Elstree, Herts.

On Tuesday, at St. Mary's, Lambeth, Geo. Logan, Esq. W.S. of Edinburgh, to Marion, second daughter of Thos. Manson, Esq. of Lambeth-terrace.

On Tuesday, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Dr. John Furnival, of Duke-street, Westminster, to Miss Moser, of Frith-street, Soho.

On the 1st of August, Clement Wallington, Esq. First Lieutenant of the 10th Hussars, to Alicia Isabella Mason, only daughter of Wm. Monck Mason, Esq.

On Tuesday, at Walcot Church, Bath, Edward Semple, Esq. of Clare Hall, Cambridge, to Sarah Helen, only daughter of the late John Deane, Esq. of Parrock's Lodge, Somerset.

On Thursday, at Hackney, Robert Hichens, Esq. of Peckham, to Jane, second daughter of the late Westgarth Snaith, Esq.

On the 7th inst. at Derby, by the Rev. John Hurt, Edward Nicholas Hurt, Esq. son of Charles Hurt, Esq. of Wirksworth, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Joseph Strutt, Esq. of Derby.

On the 7th inst. at Battersea Church, William Budd Prescott, Esq. of Bucklersbury, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Ravenhill, Esq. of Clapham-common.

At Blickling, Norfolk, by the Rev. Edward Arden, M. K. Knight, Esq. of Berners-street, London, to Marianne, only daughter of James H. Holley, Esq. of Blickling.

DEATHS.

At Bath, very suddenly, on the 5th inst. Lady Palliser, widow of the late and mother of the present Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart.

On the 7th inst. at his residence, Bow, aged 59, Francis Jowers, Esq. many years a Common Councilman of the Ward of Cripplegate.

At the advanced age of 91, Wm. Buck, Gent. of Morston.

Monday se'nnight, at the age of 110, Mr. John Lock, of Larling, leaving behind him 139 children and grand-children.

Lately, in the parish of Kirkbean, Humphrey Phillimore, nearly 100 years of age. He was a native of Kent, and enlisted early in life as a private soldier, made several campaigns, and was one of those who supported General Wolfe when he received his mortal wound at Quebec.

Lately, at Sheerness, Edward Quin, Esq. many years connected with the public press of the metropolis, and formerly a member of the Common Council.

On the 3rd of August, at Highgate, Mrs. Mary Robertson, aged 82.

On the 6th inst. Francis Travers, M.D. late of Newark, Notts, in the 80th year of his age.

At Kensington, in the 53rd year of his age, Mr. Charles Barber, Painter and Glazier, one of the Ancient Society of London College Youths.

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